October, 1970

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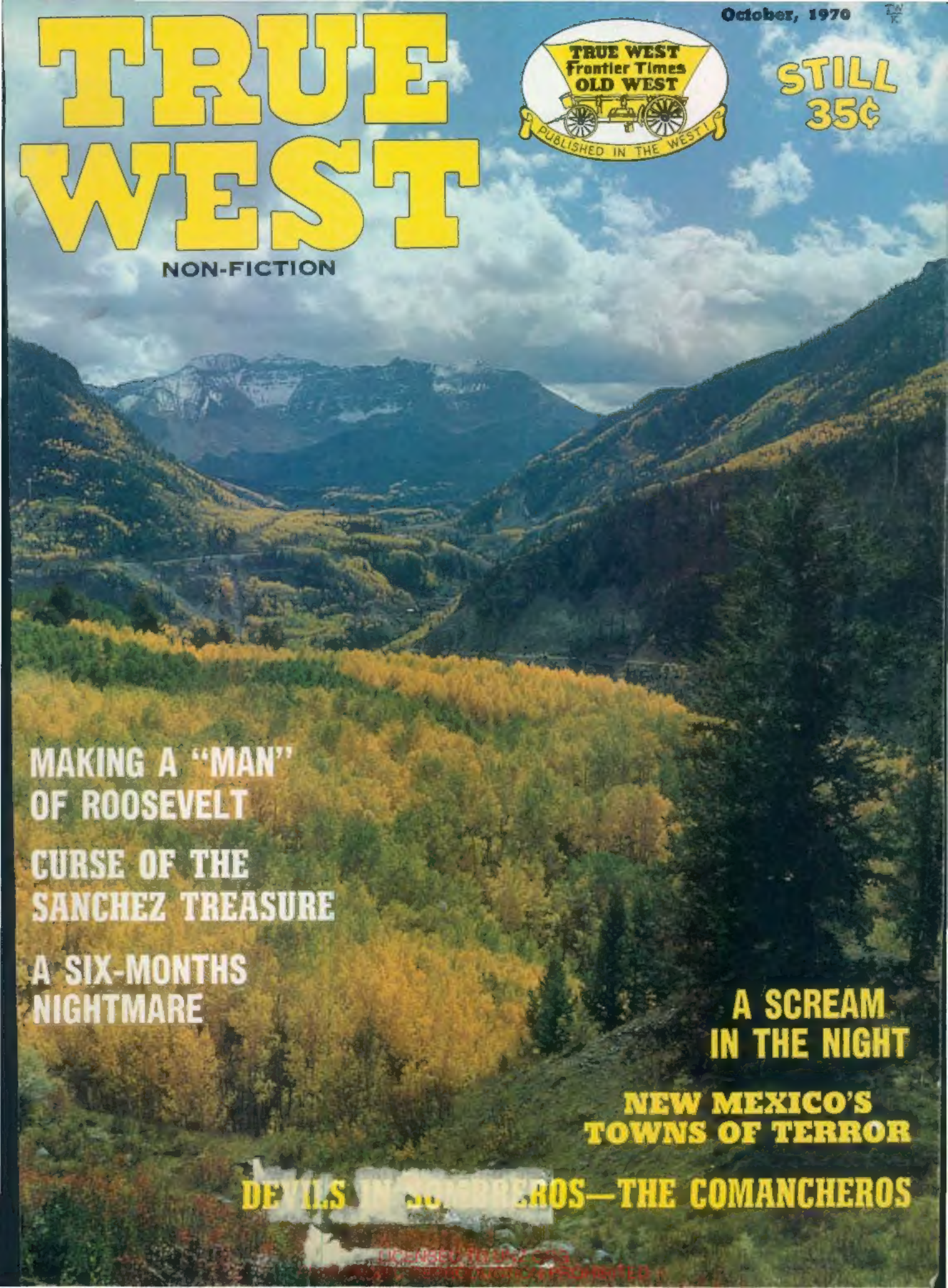

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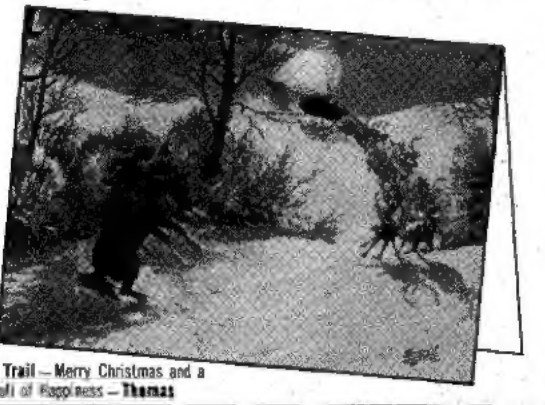
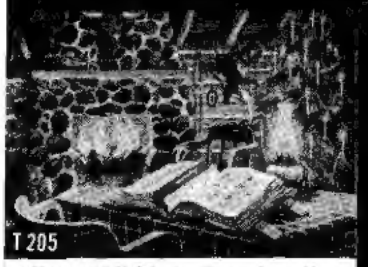


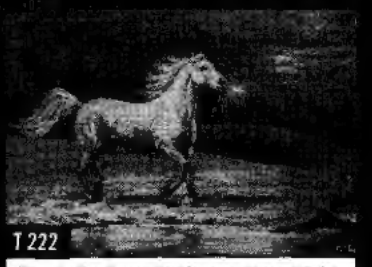
T 230

Surprise on the Trail — Merry Christmas and a New Year chock full of Happiness — **Thomas**



T 205

A Memory of Christmas — May you have a Merry Christmas in the old-fashioned way, etc. — **Stahley**



T 222

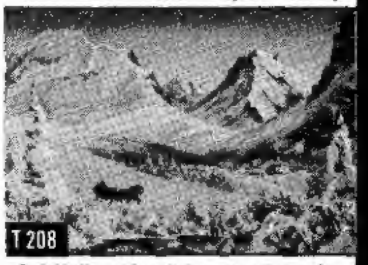
Born to Run Free — Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness in the New Year — **Steffen**

T 239

Caroling Neighbors — Thoughts of treasured friends make Christmas... etc. — **FitzSimmons**

T 147

"Blessed are they that have not seen" — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas, etc. — **EchoHawk**



T 208

Sleighbells and Snowflakes — From the two of us at Christmas, etc. — **Kerswill**

T 126

Legend of the Plain Madonna — May the Peace ...of Christmas be with you, etc — **Touraine**

T 242 T 248

The Lighted Pathway — May the glory of Christmas shine upon your pathway, etc. — **McLean**

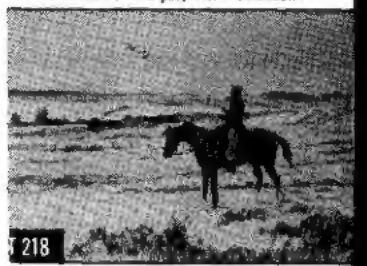
"Thou fill'st the solitude." — Peace and Good Will at Christmas, etc. — **Barks**

T 109

"In the heart of the wilderness" — May the Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Swanson**

T 228

Hello there, folks, etc. — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Marks**



T 218

A Cowboy Prayer — With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year — **Powell**

T 231

"Come in, my friend, etc." — Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through the New Year — **Shope**

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September-October, 1970
Volume 18, No. 1
Whole No. 101

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

PAT WAGNER	JOE AUSTELL SMALL	ROBERT SMALL
Editor	Publisher	General Mgr.

Mary Sanders	Bill Seymour	Marilyn White	Joe Small, Jr.
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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Lizard Head Pass south of Telluride, Colorado

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We Won Another One...

National Award, That Is

Many people read TRUE WEST who do not read FRONTIER TIMES and now is a good time to ask the reason why. I believe it's worth rerunning the piece we ran in the September FRONTIER TIMES so that you who do not read our other magazine might be able to tell us why. If you will, you'll have our gratitude from here to down the longest trail.

AT LEAST Pat Wagner and May Howell Dodson did. I didn't have a dad-burned thing to do with it but just publish the magazine it was in! We won our first "Wrangler" award in 1963 for "Nine Years Among the Indians" which was the harrowing account of Herman Lehmann as a captive of both the Comanches and the Apaches.

That "Wrangler" is a beautiful thing! Our inscription reads, "Western Heritage Award of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, presented to FRONTIER TIMES and WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Publisher; Bennett Howell's Cow Country, Outstanding Western Magazine Article of 1969." It sort of makes you feel warm inside when you win a "Best of Its Kind." I knew a tumblebug once that was so good—oh well, we'll go into that later.

As you folks who have been with us for years will know, I am much better for my crying editorials (and I'll cry some more if they pass that *50%* raise in second-class postage rates!) than I am trying to brag so let's talk about the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City.

This is getting to be a BIG thing. I think too little is known nationally about the endeavor as a whole and it might not hurt to acquaint you with just what goes on at one of these cultured black-tie fandangles. Presentation of the awards was held in Oklahoma City April 24 marking the tenth year of a distinguished program by this organization to recognize outstanding Western motion pictures, TV programs, literature, and music. Since 1961 leaders of the Western cultural and entertainment worlds—actors, authors, directors, producers, composers, publishers, and officials of producing companies—have attended the impressive awards ceremony to receive "Wrangler" trophies for their part in the preservation of our Western heritage.

How did it all begin? In 1959 officials of the Cowboy Hall, realizing that a national institution of its type has a greater responsibility than construction and maintenance of a museum, started a program to help preserve the true spirit of the West. The first Western Heritage Awards were thus launched in 1960, with prizes for the most outstanding Western motion picture, documentary film, fictional and factual television program, short story and magazine article, and musical composition. The sculpture "The Horse Wrangler" by the famous cowboy artist Charles Russell was chosen as the model for the trophy. Russell was one of the first Great Westerners to be enshrined in the Cowboy Hall of Fame, and the Center displays one of the largest collections of the artist's works.

Photo by Jim Small

The National Cowboy Hall of Fame is unique among museum institutions in that it is owned by the people of the West and operated by a Board of Trustees representing the seventeen Western states. Located high on Persimmon Hill in northeast Oklahoma City, the Center with its $5 million collection of Western Americana averages more than 300,000 visitors annually. Be sure to drop by if you're ever in that part of the country.

BESIDES our award in the magazine article field, other winners were: *Olaf Wieghorst*—Outstanding Western Art Book, author William Reed; publisher Northland Press, Flagstaff Arizona.

"The Golden Spike"—Outstanding Western Documentary Film, narrator Royal Dano, director and writer Kenneth A. Meyer, producer Barbre Productions Inc., Denver, sponsor National Park Service.

"The West of Charles Russell"—Outstanding Western Factual Television Program, storyteller Milburn Stone, producer Donald B. Hyatt, associate producer Rogert L. Garthwaite, director and writer Richard Hanser, consultant Frederick G. Renner, Project 20 Production for National Broadcasting Company.

"The Wish" Episode from Bonanza—Outstanding Western Fiction Television Program, starring Dan Blocker, Ossie Davis, Harry Page, Barbara Parrio, Jerry Summers, Roy Jenson, George Spell; series leading actors, Lorne Greene, and Michael Landon; producer Richard Collins; director and writer Michael Landon; executive producer-director David Dortort, network National Broadcasting Company.

An Awful Name To Live Up To—Outstanding Western Juvenile Book, author Jessie Hosford, publisher Meredith Press, New York City.

"True Grit"—Outstanding Western Motion Picture, starring John Wayne, Kim Darby, and Glen Campbell; from the novel by Charles Portis; director Henry Hathaway; writer Marguerite Roberts, producer Hal B. Wallis and Paramount Pictures.

"True Grit"—Outstanding Western Musical Composition, composer Elmer Bernstein; title song lyricist Don Black; producer Hal Wallis and Paramount Pictures.

The Great Platte River Road—Outstanding Western Non-fiction Book, author Merrill J. Mattes; publisher Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.

The White Man's Road—Outstanding Western Novel, author Benjamin Capps; publisher Harper & Row, New York City.

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Swiss National Television Network

(Continued on page 72)

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Truly Western

The End of Bud Ballew

I have just finished TRUE WEST, the February 1970 issue, and the article on Buck Garrett and his deputy, Bud Ballew, was very interesting. I knew some of those who were with the Burnett Rodeo being held in Wichita Falls at the time of the ruckus which ended with Ballew's being killed.

After reading the story, I searched my files and found some notes which yielded some names and details. The late Fred M. Clancy was known throughout the rodeo world as "Foghorn Clancy." In October 1949 I was in New York City during the championship rodeo held in the old Madison Square Garden when Foghorn was publicity man for the event and I saw him most every day. I last saw him here in Florida at a rodeo in 1954. In 1957 he passed away.

The year Bud Ballew was killed (1922) by the Chief of Police in Wichita Falls, J. W. McCormack, while resisting arrest, Clancy was manager of the rodeo owned by Tom Burnett. Bryan Roach was director of the arena, "Slim" Caskey was a cowboy contestant, and Ray McKinley Sr. was the man who sent Caskey to get Ballew off the street.

Most all those who were present no doubt have gone into the "Great Beyond." I am now almost eighty-seven years young and there's no telling how much longer I can dodge the Grim Reaper, so just thought that while able I would give you some interesting facts on the above.

Buck Garrett was elected sheriff of Ardmore, Oklahoma when that town was still a rough place and where it took a brave, reliable lawman. Those who served as his deputies had to be fearless men, able to handle the rough element. Ardmore was a hang-out of horse thieves, train robbers, and every type of character found on the frontier.

Among those who acted as deputies and who was perhaps most often seen with Sheriff Garrett was Bud Ballew, who had built up a reputation as a gunman. Ballew, it was claimed, had killed eight or ten men who had plagued the peace-loving citizens. In all cases in which men fell before Ballew's guns, the deputy was always cleared of any charges.

In January 1922 Buck Garrett was removed from office as sheriff of Ardmore and thus all those who were his deputies were let go. Ballew was thus free to travel and decided to go to Wichita Falls, Texas to visit his many friends who were taking part in the Burnett Rodeo. Both Bryan Roach and his wife, Ruth, were old friends of Ballew, as were many contestants, and Ballew looked forward to a good time visiting and renewing old friendships.

Wichita Falls was at that time in the midst of celebrating a boom in the oil fields which had drawn many of those characters who sought out such boom towns. Holding down the lid on such a tough element was a twenty-four-hour duty for the peace officers. But due to the vigilance of their chief and his instructions to report on any suspicious characters so far he had kept order.

Bud Ballew

J. W. McCormack, a former Texas Ranger, was in his office when Captain Tom Hickman of Company "B," Texas Rangers (under whom McCormack had served before resigning) spotted Bud Ballew, whom he knew had been a deputy under Buck Garrett in Ardmore and who had a reputation for being a dangerous gunman. Hickman sought out McCormack to give warning.

"Mac," he said, "Bud Ballew is in town and packing his guns. He is a dangerous man and no longer a deputy. I don't think he has any right to wear his guns and suggest you check on him."

McCormack agreed and phoned Oklahoma, making inquiry as to whether Bud Ballew had a permit to carry guns. In reply he was informed that Ballew had been issued a "special" commission by the Governor of Oklahoma, owing to his past reputation as a lawman. Because Ballew had made enemies, the Governor had felt that it would be like sending him to his death to deprive him of going armed.

After learning of Ballew's status, McCormack decided to show Ballew the same courtesy extended other visiting officers; but if Ballew caused any trouble, he would issue orders for him to be disarmed. That first night in town there was a cowboy dance held in one of the leading hotels. As the night progressed, Ballew became intoxicated and decided to celebrate in cowboy style. Drawing his guns, Ballew fired several shots into the ceiling. Luck was with him and no one was injured. Several of his friends quickly disarmed him and escorted him from the room and there was no further incident.

The following day, however, found Ballew well fortified with liquor and, armed with his guns, still bent upon continuing his celebration. Ray McKinley was in the rodeo ticket office in a local store when the phone rang. It was a call from Police Chief McCormack.

"Ray," he said, "that fellow Ballew is still bent on making trouble. Can't you get some of his friends to get him off the streets and to bed?"

"All right, Chief." Ray replied. "I'll send a cowboy after Ballew right away."

After Ray had hung up, a number of people arrived to purchase tickets for the afternoon performance and the matter of Ballew was forgotten for about half an hour. Soon the phone rang and it was McCormack calling again.

"Listen Ray," he said. "Ballew is still raising Cain and people are complaining! If you don't get him off the street, I'll have to go after him."

"Sorry, Mac," Ray apologized. "We had a rush for tickets and the matter of Ballew skipped my mind. I'll send someone after him right away."

Ray McKinley hung up and asked Slim Caskey, a well-known cowboy and a good friend of Ballew, to locate Ballew and endeavor to get him to go back to his room. Ballew agreed to go with him but not until they had a few drinks. Caskey, to humor Ballew, accepted several drinks and they left the bar. But then Ballew insisted upon their having

(Continued on page 39)

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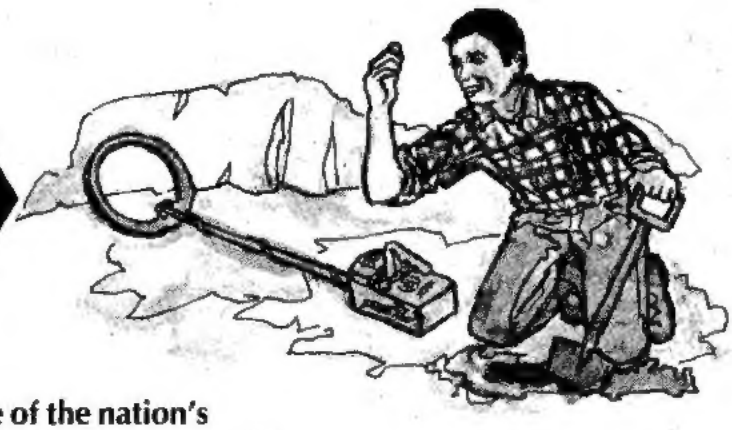
COULD THIS BE YOU?



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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Knight

Any information on any of the following will be greatly appreciated: William Haywood Knight, born September 12, 1877 near Gardi, Georgia; James Augusta Knight, born February 11, 1850 near Jesup, Georgia; Elija T. Knight, born November 15, 1828, Wayne County, Georgia. My father (William Haywood Knight), died in 1935 and since then I have had no contact with his family.—Jewel Knight Smith, Box 563, Moab, Utah 84532

Ramey-Shadwick

I would like any information concerning James (or Charles) M. Ramey, 1833-1865 of Rowan County, Kentucky. He married Sarah C. Spervice or Purvis in 1843. Also, any information on Cal Shadwick of Jefferson City, Missouri, born in Kentucky, who married Harriet Carnes.—Mrs. Harmon Hodgkinson, 311 East Alder, Apt. 2, Ritzville, Washington 99169

Samuel-Samuels

I am trying to get facts on the Samuel or Samuels family who came to this country back in the 1600s from Ireland. Some of the original family dropped the "S" and some kept it. My family settled in Maryland. They came over with the Lord Baltimore groups who had the original land grants. I would like to hear from your readers who know of the families in Maryland, Virginia, Carolinas, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa.

My great-grandfather, William Price Samuel, died in Hannibal, Missouri in 1860. His father William died on his plantation near Frankfort, Kentucky. William Price Samuel had several brothers—Churchill, Richard and Snowden.

My grandfather, the youngest of the William Price Samuel children, Edward Hall Samuel, was 4 years old when he came to Texas with an uncle, Snowden Samuel. I don't know how many of the children came to Texas with the uncle, but they came after William Price Samuel died in 1860. Their mother, Levenia Shannon Samuel, died before their father.

William Price Samuel and his brothers and sisters were heirs to the estate of William Samuel when he died in Kentucky. Churchill was a lawyer or doctor, William Price Samuel had a meat packing plant in Hannibal, and before that the brothers were in business in Illinois or Iowa.

I know there are some people in Oregon, especially one lady who is up in years, who knows a lot about the Missouri Samuels. Dr. Ruben Samuels, who married Jesse James' mother, is part of the clan.—W. S. "Bill" Samuels, P. O. Box 939, 1100 Harvey Dr., McAllen, Texas 78501

Falkner-Falbert

I would like to hear from anyone with information about Annie Falbert. She was raised by Ben Falbert's family, and later married a Falkner. They lived at Santa Ana, California. Annie is my sister. Mother died when we were real small, and we were separated. Annie would be around 70 years old if she is alive.—Stella Brennen, 299 Sunny View Courts, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

Alexander

My father, Orian Ralph Alexander, was born in Kinsley, Kansas on December 7, 1892, and died on December 14, 1959. None of us ever did learn very much about his family. His real mother died when he was a small boy. I believe he had a little sister who died, also. His father left Kinsley and, I think, moved to New Mexico. I believe his family were railroad people. He had an uncle who was retired from the railroad and lived in Riverside, California.

His father remarried, and he had a half-brother named Charles Alexander. He and his wife, Anny, lived on Rose Hill in Los Angeles. They had several children, but I don't remember them. I would sure like to hear from any of my dad's relatives.—Ralph Alexander, USAID/ADLAB/AAI, APO San Francisco, California 96243

Elizabeth E. Coble's Daughters

I am hoping that some of your readers may know of my two sisters who have not been heard from in years. Mabel Anna Coble Vaughn was living in La Grande, Oregon in 1943. Florence Mildred Coble Aldridge was living near Florence, Oregon in 1958. Our mother, Elizabeth E. Coble, was near death when put in a hospital in Nampa, Idaho on June 15, 1968. She is now in a nursing home. If anyone knows, please write.—Mary Ellen Coble Shaw, 1625 Helen St., Boise, Idaho 83705

Gordon

Harry Gordon was born in Lincoln County, Montana in 1894, on a horse ranch. The living for the family was made by raising Percheron and Clydesdale work horses for the lumber industries. Because of hardships on the ranch and the death of his father, he was sent to Ballard, Washington, in 1897 to live with an aunt. Ballard, nicknamed "Old Swede Town" has since become a part of Seattle. When his mother was again in a position to care for him, he returned home to Libby, Montana, where he lived until 1901. He remembers when there was talk about making a State of Columbia, using parts of what is now Montana, Idaho and Washington, before Montana was admitted to the Union.

In 1925 he went to work for the Great Northern Railroad as a fireman. About two years later he lost his right arm in a railroad accident and was in a Seattle hospital for eleven months. At the time of the accident he was engaged to marry a very lovely girl. The railroad insurance paid the hospital expense and settled a tidy sum to compensate for his lost arm. The next year the banks crashed and he lost his savings and was a penniless one-armed man. He decided the best thing to do would be to break up with the girl he loved and leave her free to find a "whole man" who could probably provide better than he could. He said it was a much worse hardship than losing his arm, and thirty years later he knew he had been wrong. After he was again able to support her, he wrote hundreds of letters to her, but never mailed any of them.

In 1929 he rode out of Seattle on a saddle horse, leading a pack horse and headed for the Mother Lode Country of California where he made his living panning gold on the Bear and Feather Rivers during the Depression. At that time it was necessary to sleep with a revolver under his pillow to prevent thieves from stealing his gold. Later he worked for many years as a typesetter on the Los Angeles *Examiner*.

After his retirement, he told me his story and said he thought it would be really great if he could contact any of his family, or find out what had happened to the girl he had left so many years before, and how she had spent her next forty years.—Beatrice Elvert, Box 159, Jackson, Wyoming 83001

Purcell and Glasscock

My great-grandfather, John I. Purcell, was a Texas Ranger. He married Ann Glasscock and they had one son, Willie E., born at Elgin, Texas, 1867. When Willie E. was nine years old, his mother died. John L. and Willie E. then lived with an Osborne family. I have been told that Mr. Osborne had been scalped by Indians. John I. died around 1879. Willie E. married Cora Ann Stanley around 1888 and later they moved to Lamkin, Texas.—Hazel Stewart, 16642 Pine St., Placentia, Calif. 92670

King, Royal, Hamilton

My father's name was Jerrimiah J. Brunette. He had a twin brother, Mitchell. My grandfather was also Jerrimiah. There was a great uncle named Francis Brunette. Some of them came from Scotland at an early date, and were close to the Hamilton peerage. The names were

(Continued on page 56)

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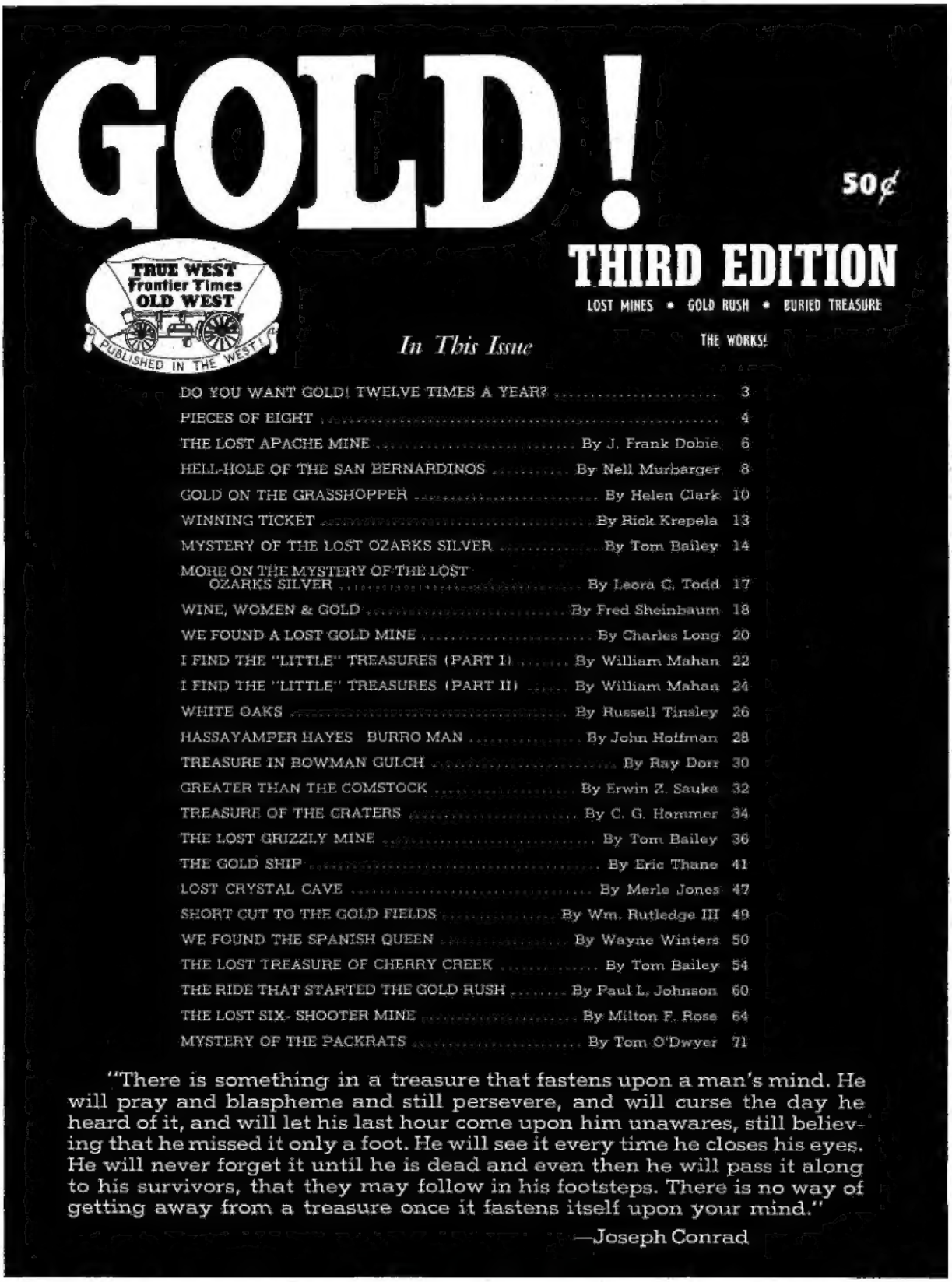
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"There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will pray and blaspheme and still persevere, and will curse the day he heard of it, and will let his last hour come upon him unawares, still believing that he missed it only a foot. He will see it every time he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead and even then he will pass it along to his survivors, that they may follow in his footsteps. There is no way of getting away from a treasure once it fastens itself upon your mind."
—Joseph Conrad

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Making a "Man" of

By VESTA O. ROBBINS

Photos Courtesy Author

FRANK LEMMER, a pioneer taxidermist of North Dakota, added the finishing touches to a large specimen of wild Rocky Mountain goat and carried it to the front of his shop where he could admire it in the light of the window. Suddenly the door opened and a small man, who wore pince-nez type glasses and carried a gun, came into the room.

Lemmer turned quickly and faced the stranger who said, "Pardon me, my name is Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt. I have a ranch over at Medora. I have never seen a white goat before. Would you tell me where this one came from?"

There was an awkward pause and then the small man added, "I do not wish to seem unduly inquisitive, but I would like very much to know where this goat came from."

"Well," said Lemmer, "it came from Thompson Falls, Montana—a little place on the other side of the mountains. A fellow by the name of John Willis shot it. They say they are hard to get but this Willis has quite a name as a hunter and I suppose that's how such a goat as this one happened to be caught off guard."

Roosevelt quickly wrote down the name and address of Willis and walked out of the shop.

Some weeks later, in Thompson Falls, John Willis sat staring at a letter in his hand. It was written on what he described as "pretty damned fancy paper" and it struck a decidedly sour note with him.

He had just returned from guiding some vacationing hunters and they had

At left, Teddy Roosevelt decked out in his hunting clothes.

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ROOSEVELT

been unable to keep up with him. They were more or less helpless on mountain trails. The altitude seemed to bother them and they demanded a great deal of attention. Willis was worn out and completely disgusted. He had produced both sheep and goats only to see every member of the party miss excellent shots.

Again he stared at the letter in his hand. Turning up the light of his kerosene lamp a little, and sighing heavily, he read: "I have heard that a white goat is the hardest animal in the Rockies to find and the most difficult to kill. If I come west and go hunting with you, do you think I could kill a wild goat?" and it was signed, "Theodore Roosevelt."

The last sentence of the letter aggravated the guide. He scowled, straightened his tired shoulders and turning it over, placed it on the knee of his buckskin trousers and wrote across the back of the letter, "If you can't shoot any better that you can write I don't think so."

He found an envelope and mailed his answer back to the man who was later to become President of the United States. And this same letter would one day rest in the Roosevelt Memorial in New York.

JOHN WILLIS was the son of a Confederate army officer and as such had enjoyed certain advantages, but he had heard exciting tales of the West and was filled with an intense desire to go there. Accordingly, on his fifteenth birthday he ran away from home.

Some weeks later he was walking along a little used road in Missouri. He was hungry, his money was gone, and he was afraid his clothing was not adequate for fall weather. He thought about his family and wondered what they must be thinking. For the first time he was doubtful about his decision, but he wanted so very much to go West that he trudged on.

When evening came he thought he could see a light. He thought also that he could smell food. He became convinced that ahead of him somewhere was a campfire and he decided to make his way through the brush to it.

"Halt," said a man's voice close behind him and John became so frightened that he turned to run, but he was roughly seized and taken to where the glimmering light of a small campfire revealed five other men seated around it, all of them heavily armed.

The shaken boy was thoroughly questioned but when he started to cry they tried, in a rough manner, to comfort him. He explained his presence among them as truthfully as he could and after a lengthy consultation the men offered him something to eat.

Trembling visibly John sat down, and a surge of hunger drove him to accept the proffered food.

"Would you like to stay with us?" he was asked.

"Oh yes, sir," replied the boy.

The group looked at each other and nodded. There was a pause and then, "Do you know who we are?"

"No sir, I don't."

"Well," said John's captor, "I'm Cole Younger and that one is Jesse James, and that one there is Frank James and the other three are friends. Do the names mean anything to you?"

John Willis, like all boys in the Midwest, had certainly heard of the James boys and Cole Younger. He now had visions of being murdered and again he started to cry; again the outlaws tried to comfort him.

Exhaustion finally overcame John and he fell asleep. When he awoke, two of the men gave him thirty-five dollars and took him to Holt Summit where they placed him in charge of a freighter bound for Leavenworth, Kansas.

"No use to send you home," they told him. "You'd just run away again. You've got it in your neck to go West and we might as well help you go."

The boy had misgivings about where they were sending him but sometime later he found himself in Leavenworth which the freighter told him was "the jumpin'-off place for the Southwest."

After a chilly night in the open he found a job driving freight to Santa Fe, New Mexico. This was a big undertaking for a boy not used to this type of work and it tried his soul, but he stuck with it and once during the winter made a freighting trip alone.

Later he learned the art of skinning buffalo while keeping an eye out for marauding Indians.

JOHN WILLIS was not really a rough character. He was tall, rather genteel, and his long slender hands made him appear at odds with the life he was leading.

In 1873 he returned to New Mexico and began a life of walking down wild horses, driving freight, and learning how to secure the ears of government mules to sell to men who wanted them for stakes in poker games. Three years later he returned to Leavenworth and took the last boat of the summer to Fort Benton, Montana.

In the years that followed he became known as "Long John" and spent some time in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, Old Mexico and Texas.

"I kept movin'," he said as we sat by his fireside one cold winter's night in Montana. "Yes, indeed, I kept movin'. Sometimes it was because I wanted to go and then at other times it was by request. Sometimes those requests were something that I was just real glad to comply with."

In 1886 he managed to make his way to Thompson Falls where he settled down to live as a hunter-guide. Here he met and married his wife, Waltrine, and here it was that he received the Roosevelt letter which he so rudely answered.

Willis did not regret his rudeness. He meant to completely wash his hands of the matter and was surprised to receive a telegram a few days later which stated: "Consider yourself engaged. Will arrive July twentieth."

"I actually thought he was bluffing," said Willis, "but I did go down to the train that day."

Two men got off at the little depot. One of them, dressed in the familiar garb of the West, stood by. The other was a fair-

The Montana guide's first impression of the future President was one of disdain. But by the end of their first hunt, the mountain man's whole life had taken a new direction . . .

skinned, frail man wearing glasses. What was worse—in the eyes of the guide—was the fact that he was dressed in a corduroy knicker suit.

Willis was quite certain that this was the man who wanted to hunt goats and he knew that he did not want this little weakling on his hands. He decided to end the matter right there. Sauntering up to him, he said insultingly, "Brewer's son, ain't you?"

Roosevelt only smiled and answered, "How do you do—Mr. Willis, I believe. I am Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt."

"I thought that's who you'd be," replied Willis scornfully.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Merryfield, the foreman of some of my property," said Roosevelt.

Willis looked sourly about him and led them to the hotel where they might talk matters over. The little pioneer hotel room was poorly furnished and quite hot. Roosevelt and Merryfield sat on the creaky bed. Willis stood for a while and then sat down on the one chair in the room. He crossed his long legs and had little to say.

Then an idea came to him. He might just as well take these fellows out and show them what hunting goats in high country was like. He was large, he was strong, and he was conditioned to this sort of thing. He was sure that it would only be a matter of a few days until he could make them give up. He had babied his last Easterner as far as he was concerned, and as long as this might well be the last trip of this kind he'd make, he might just as well have some fun out of it. The more he thought about it the better he liked the idea.

Before the conference ended, Roosevelt displayed his very fine guns. Willis was impressed and was now sure that he wanted to make the trip. He offered to serve as guide and as host, also.

"You see," Willis said sheepishly to me, "I got the idea that I'd like to take that little cocksure educated guy out and just damn near kill him. He was such a determined, aristocratic and puny-looking man that the very sight of him made me mad.

"He did have some wonderful guns and I ached to get a chance to handle them. I had never seen anything like them in my whole life. Of course, I must admit that he also had the nicest smile I had ever seen."

As they talked about the trip Willis cunningly suggested a route over very rough terrain, and then thought it might be only fair to let the fellows know that it would be arduous.

"Let's see," Willis began, "we'll need about one hundred pounds of flour, twenty-five pounds of bacon, some dried apples, salt, tea and a whole lot of things like that and no booze."

"By George, Mr. Willis, that's just fine," said Roosevelt. "I'll be glad to pay for the provisions, and I will give you twenty-five dollars for anything you show me in the way of game. There is one thing I would like to ask about, though, and that is why you are stipulating no liquor be taken on the trip."

"Well," said Willis, "I'll tell you why. To me you look like a man that has been raised on wine and beer and I've got an idea you are some brewer's son with plenty of money, but I can tell you one thing and that is that you are never going to be able to stand a trip like this. You just can't do it. You have to climb high for goats and you'll never make it, that's all."

"I can teach myself to walk just as far as you can," Roosevelt commented quietly.

"I doubt that very much, sir," snapped Willis, and turning on his heel he left for his cabin.

WALTRINE took up the story and declared that for a time the hunt hung in the balance. John would announce that he simply was not going; then he would mumble something about how he would show that little squirt how to climb mountains, and start packing again.

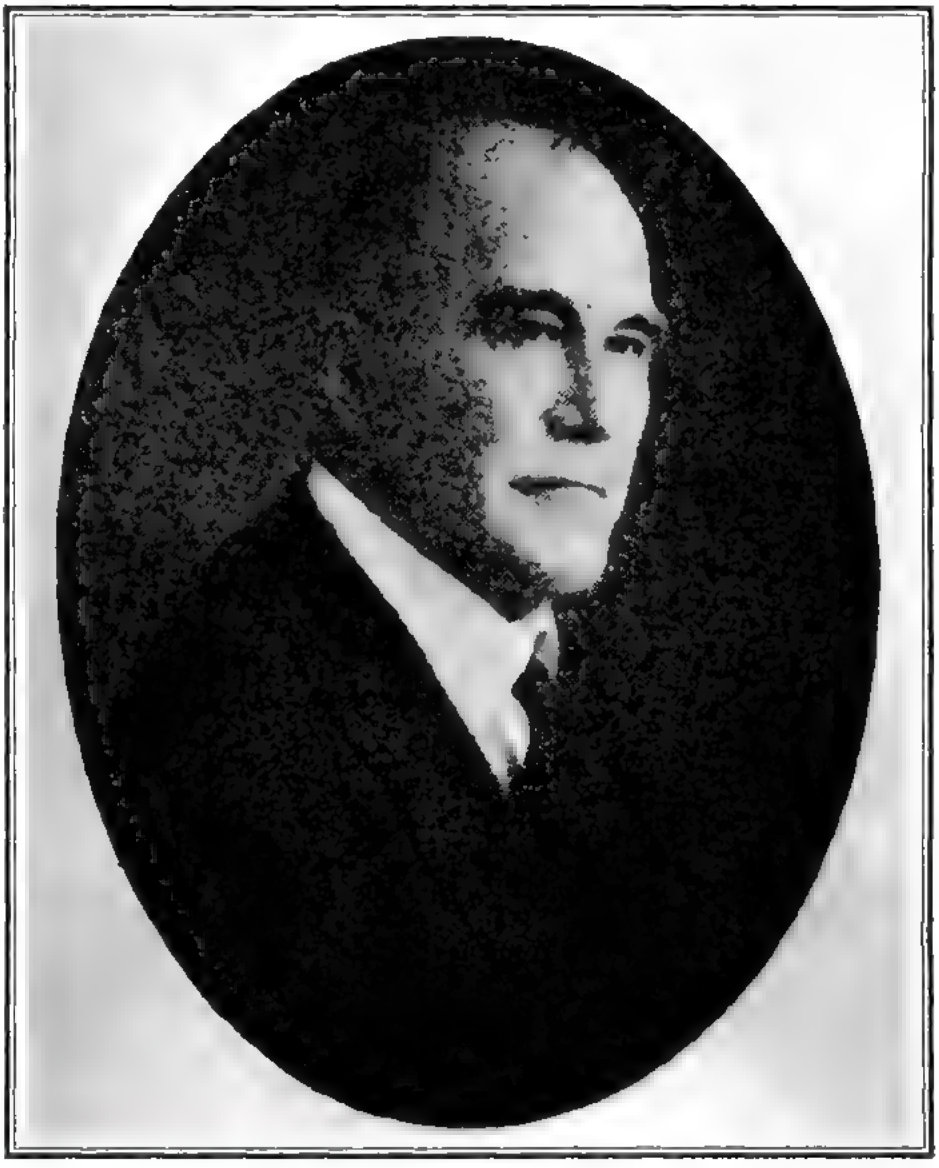
"Somehow I felt as the evening wore on that John would go," said Waltrine. "He was so mad at the last party he had taken out that he needed somebody or something to take his spite out on. He was used to settling things he didn't like with his fists, but this was a fight of a different kind and John was no match for this one. He was losing it with every passing minute."

Two days later the trip began. Both Roosevelt and Merryfield were used to the saddle and had walked long distances, but they were no match for Willis in mountain country. The trails were rough and many deadfalls were across them. Worst of all were the never ending thickets which impeded progress. The guide, dressed in buckskin, pushed his way through them, but Roosevelt's clothing was torn to shreds and walking was painful. Not a goat was sighted. That night all three men were weary and it was with an aching body that Roosevelt crawled into his blankets to sleep.

Willis started out early the next morning, leading them over trails which were not only rocky but treacherous as well. Each day was equally trying.

Merryfield began to remain in camp a part of the time but Roosevelt followed the guide. One day he was thoroughly tired and knew that he must rest. He had

John Willis of Glasgow, Montana was Roosevelt's hunting guide and friend for many years.



stopped for a few minutes to lean against a tree which was crazily slanted across the trail when Willis sighted a goat. Roosevelt turned quickly and in doing so dislodged some pebbles which instantly alerted the animal. Roosevelt ventured a quick shot and broke the goat's foreleg.

The wounded animal ran along a game trail for about a mile and then started straight up the mountain over dangerous rocky ledges, leaving a trail of blood behind him. The excited men raced after him, and Roosevelt who was in the lead accidentally dislodged a piece of slide rock. He clutched wildly at the rock wall before him and then plunged backward over a forty-foot precipice. He struck a tree only to bounce through it into another where he landed in a sitting position with his gun in his hands. Roosevelt seemed dazed, and Willis was frightened. For in spite of all that had happened, this unwilling guide was beginning to like the little man with the pink cheeks and the wonderful smile.

"There he sat," remembered Willis, "trying to get his wits about him and there wasn't a word of complaint. I felt kind of cheap when I thought about how decent he had been to me and how, when we were in camp, he had talked to me about so many interesting things. If he ever had the slightest idea that I was trying to walk him into giving up, he never let on."

After a few minutes Willis called down to him, "Are you hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt," answered Roosevelt.

"Well, come on then," shouted Willis.

Roosevelt scrambled to the ledge from which he had fallen and followed the guide. Again they sighted the goat but Roosevelt shot high, and again they followed the wounded animal until darkness overcame them. The exhausted hunters returned to camp and told Merryfield about the chase. Roosevelt lay stretched out on a blanket and it was with an effort that Willis prepared the evening meal.

"Well," remarked Willis rather pointedly, "I reckon you must be a little bit tired out, ain't you?"

"If we get that goat tomorrow," said Roosevelt evenly, "I'll give you one hundred dollars."

Something happened in the next few minutes as these two strong-willed men looked intently at each other.

"I knew then," Willis told me, "that here was a man I could never make give up, and I assured him that I didn't want the hundred dollars but that we would get the goat."

The next day Roosevelt brought down the animal and Willis' eyes sparkled as he told of the incident.

"That was a real shot," he said, "made with the wind blowing a gale. I have never been able to figure out how he did it. You should have seen him. He had those funny glasses on and I couldn't possibly see how he could hit it, but he just took a quick aim, showed them big teeth of his and fired."

IN the following years the two men hunted together and sat beside campfires from Montana to British Columbia. "That little man knew an awful lot," Willis said. "He was well posted on just about everything. I guess he got it out of books. He brought one along on that first trip we had together and he used to read it in the evenings. It was a history of England, written by a man called Macaulay, I think it was, and he used to try to get Merryfield and me to read it. We just winked at each other and told him that we would sometime, maybe."

"John," said Roosevelt, kindly, "If you'll read them, I will send you some good books from New York."

Willis was touched. He could not understand why this busy man would bother with him, nor could he understand why Roosevelt should even want to help him. Willis hurriedly began to break camp.

As they neared Thompson Falls, Roosevelt expressed his worry over having forgotten to engage rooms at the hotel.

"What do you want to go to the hotel for?" demanded Willis. "You fellows are welcome to stay with my wife and me just as long as you want to."

"But you took us to the hotel when we came to town," said Roosevelt. "We know you didn't want to take us on this trip and so, of course, we should not trouble you now."

Teddy Roosevelt in 1905.

Willis was embarrassed. He muttered something about not knowing them, and for the first time in his life he felt completely ashamed. Groping for words the guide finally blurted, "It's different now. Let's not talk about it."

Roosevelt graciously went to the Willis home to rest and to become better acquainted with the Willis family. He was at home in the little log house and showed his appreciation in many ways. Through this man, Willis had glimpsed a new horizon. The fine mind of the tall mountaineer could grasp what his frail looking friend was saying to him, and most of all, he had learned to respect Roosevelt's courage and to believe in him.

Again Willis was offered the one hundred dollars bonus but quickly produced a can from under a floor board which was, as Willis put it, "chock full of money. I just wanted him to know that I didn't need money."

Roosevelt said no more but when he boarded the train for New York he quietly pressed a roll of bills into Willis' hand and crying, "Souvenir!" he was gone.

"I tried to return it," said Willis miserably. "There was seven hundred dollars of it, but this is the answer I got," and he produced a letter from Roosevelt saying, "Don't be a fool, please. The *Century* magazine has just given me twelve hundred dollars for a little story I wrote about our trip and my expenses were less than five hundred dollars. Will you keep the money or will I have to call off the future trips we have planned because you will not do it?

(Signed) Theodore Roosevelt"

Willis kept the money.

AS time went on, they went on many hunting trips together. There was, until recently, a cabin on Priest Lake in Idaho where they used to rest while on their way to Canada in search of moose and caribou.

"But it was on that very first trip," admitted Willis, "that Teddy got me to see myself as I really was. He made a *man* out of *me* that time, and I like to think that maybe I toughened him up a little, too—physically."

When Roosevelt was campaigning for the presidency in Helena, Montana, he stood, stalwart and strong, on the observation platform of his train and spoke to a large crowd gathered there.

When he had finished, he peered into the faces below him and called out, "Is John Willis here?"

"Yes," cried Willis, who had been proudly watching him, and now ran to clasp his hand.

Roosevelt pulled his old friend up on the platform with him and Willis slapped him on the shoulder, saying, "You look so good. I think maybe I made a man out of you."

"Yes," answered Roosevelt meaningfully, "and I think, maybe, I made a man out of you."

No matter when Roosevelt spoke in western Montana that year, he would ask if John Willis was present, and usually the big mountaineer was there and would rush to his side.

At a campaign banquet in Butte, Roosevelt insisted that Willis sit beside him, much to the dismay of certain politicians present. Reporters made much of the affair and newspaper stories insisted that a shooting had narrowly been averted.

On the day we talked, the aged guide moved his chair nearer to his desk and took from a drawer a telegram which Roosevelt, as President, had sent him. It offered a federal position.

"I just could not take it," he said. "I just couldn't."

He also produced a letter sent when Willis was serving in the state legislature. In it Roosevelt urged him to fight for honesty and try to bring before the lawmakers the things they had both

(Continued on page 46)

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THE

The old courthouse in San Augustine, Texas in 1906.

By LARRY J. WOODS

Photos Courtesy Author

How many men of the West have died in the dust of a public road? It would make an interesting tally...

Photos used by permission, Copyright 1968 by Joe F. Combs, Gunsmoke In the Redlands

A DOUBLE dose of meanness must have fallen upon Eugene Beauharnais Wall, born in 1877. Cunning and deadly, he was the killer of his clan. No one, so the legend goes, ever saw him smile.

His father, Buck Wall, had migrated to Texas before the Civil War, settling first in Sabine County, Texas, and later in San Augustine County where he owned and operated a sawmill. During these years Buck fathered an unusual family of sons, naming them for various famous characters in history, three from the Napoleonic era in France. Clark was the eldest, followed by George Washington, Lopez, Brune, Michel Ney, and finally the youngest and best remembered, Eugene Beauharnais Wall.

A community of Negro laborers lived near the Wall home and worked at the Wall sawmill. On the morning of April 7, 1895, a disturbance was reported at the cabin of Mary Radford. Eugene was sent to quell the trouble. As he approached the quarters, John Phillips, a burly Negro, ran from Mary Radford's back door toward a nearby field. Ignoring Wall's orders to halt, Phillips continued to run. Fifty yards was the distance between the two men when Eugene's pistol fired. Phillips stumbled forward several yards and collapsed between the newly plowed rows, his face buried in the moist, red soil. The slugs had blown his intestines partially from his body. Eugene, age eighteen, had killed his first man.

Trial was set for February 26, 1896, but the State was forced to continue the case because of the mysterious absence of a key witness, a certain Peggy Williams. Finally on March 1, 1897, after all efforts to locate Peggy Williams failed, the case was dismissed.

Wall's next victim was Robert (Bob) Berry. Like Wall, Berry was allegedly reckless, quick-tempered, and dangerous. The criminal records of San Augustine County show that Berry was indicted for murder in 1891. On the date of his untimely death, he was under indictment again for "illegally carrying a pistol." This case was duly dismissed on September 1, 1897 "because of the death of the defendant."

Eugene was never indicted for this slaying so there is no official record of the affair. According to personal recollections, however, what happened was this: A party was held near the Wall home during the summer of 1897. Attending were most of the young men of the area, including Eugene Wall and Bob Berry. (Such parties were usually gay affairs. Fiddlers provided the dancers with lively music. And as would be expected, some clown would spike the punch and some of the boys would become noticeably tight.) That night angry words were exchanged between Eugene and Bob, but before they came to blows, mutual friends stepped in and averted the fight. Berry stormed out, the music started up again, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

After the party broke up about midnight, Eugene began walking his date to her home a half mile away. Strolling

AMBUSH of EUGENE WALL

The old Buck Wall home is located on the Fairway Farm Hunt Club east of San Augustine, Texas.

At left, Eugene B. Wall.

through the moonlit silence, the couple had just crossed a small brook within sight of the girl's home when all hell broke loose.

Bob Berry was waiting in a thicket by the road. As Wall approached, Berry opened fire and a shooting spree followed. When the smoke cleared, Bob Berry lay dead by the roadside, riddled by Wall's bullets. Eugene's face streamed blood where Berry's bullet had creased the flesh but, miraculously, he was not seriously injured. One bullet had gone through his shirt, not touching his body. Evidently in shooting Berry, Wall had acted in his own defense. No criminal action was ever taken on the matter.

OLD MAN Buck Wall, becoming somewhat worried about Eugene's future and hoping hard work would keep the boy out of trouble, gave him complete charge of the Wall sawmill. This prosperous business was situated in a densely forested region along the old Hemphill road. Eugene took over sometime in 1898.

Because of his touchy disposition, backed by the reputation of having killed two men, Eugene had little trouble controlling the men employed at the mill and for a time handled his authority with tact. Most of his employes both liked and respected him. Things rocked on quietly, too quietly.

The sweat, grime, and sawdust, coupled with the long boring days at the mill, soon got the best of Eugene. Such a life was not to his liking. He first became restless, then edgy, and finally dangerous.

On July 13, 1899, a scorching hot day, Eugene's pent-up misery got the best of him. Becoming vexed with the work of one of the workers, Ad Johnson, Eugene summarily fired the man. Johnson, understandably hurt and humiliated, turned and cursed his former friend and employer. One word followed another. Eugene's anger rose as he ordered Johnson to "get away from this mill and don't ever come back." Johnson picked up his hat and left.

During the long night which followed, Eugene found sleep impossible. He had been wrong and he knew it but pride locked his heart.

Torrents of rain fell that night breaking the heat. The following morning,

William C. Crouch

Frank Sharp

Sidney Roberts

July 14, 1899, was cool and damp. Eugene was working near the saw shed when he spied Johnson entering the house of Jack Hall who lived about eighty yards from the mill.

About 8:30 Johnson emerged from Hall's house and started toward Wall. Fearing the worst, Eugene secured his pistol from the saw shed as Johnson continued to advance through the hushed mill yard.

"Ad, I told you to stay away from here," Eugene broke the silence. Johnson remained mute.

"Stop or I will kill you," warned Wall.

The distance between the two was fifteen feet when Johnson "made some angry remark, raised his jumper, putting his right hand behind him, as though to draw something."

Eugene Wall "fired two shots in rapid succession," both striking Johnson's chest. Mortally wounded, the big man turned and ran back to Jack Hall's porch where he died shortly thereafter.

Hall later testified that on the morning Johnson was killed, he came to his house and told him he "was going down to the mill to pay the defendant what he owed him; that he intended to leave for Hardin County, and did not want to leave until he paid Wall what he owed him."

When Johnson's corpse was examined no weapon was found. Evidently, he had gone to the mill to pay Wall and was reaching for his billfold rather than a pistol. It was a fatal mistake at any rate.

Sheriff George W. Wall, Eugene's older brother, was in a hot box. Eugene was neck deep in trouble again and the public demanded that something be done. Taking office on January 1, 1895, George had never been a popular sheriff. Brune Wall, his brother, and Noel G. Roberts, his nephew, served as his deputies. Eugene never carried a badge but he certainly took advantage of the situation.

By April 1900, the Wall regime had reached the zenith of its power. Eugene still had not been brought to trial for the Johnson murder. In the saloons ridicule of Sheriff Wall was a pastime. Something had to give.

The following article appeared in the Nacogdoches *Sentinel* on April 28, 1900:

SHERIFF SHOT DOWN

The terrible news was received in Nacogdoches over the telephone wire about sundown Saturday evening that another killing had taken place in San Augustine. George W. Wall, sheriff of San Augustine county, was shot and mortally wounded by Kurg *(sic)* Borders.

Borders shot Wall with a double barrelled shot gun, the load taking effect in Wall's right side, several shots penetrating the bowels and one through the right lung.

The shooting took place on the public square at the mouth of the street between Geo. Slaughter's store and the old brick saloon. Borders was in the street and shot Wall as he was crossing the street on his way to the saloon.

Wall fired two shots at Borders after being wounded, but neither took effect.

The cause of the tragedy, it is said, was the arrest and jailing of Borders two weeks before on a charge of forgery when Border's friends offered to go his bail for appearance at an examining trial, which Wall stubbornly refused.

Borders was terribly humiliated as well as exasperated by Wall's treatment, and when he was released from jail warned Wall that he would see him when it wasn't all Wall's way.

Borders left town immediately after the shooting and is still at large.

Wall is still alive, but life is gradually ebbing away and it is not believed he can live many hours.

LATER

As we go to press Mr. I. H. Hollis phones us that Sheriff Wall died at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

INSANE with anger, Eugene "hitched his horse near the courthouse. He was itching for a fight, so he removed his coat, throwing it over his saddle, so his pistols would be in easy reach. He walked the streets making inquiries as to the whereabouts of Curg Border. No one knew where Border was, or if they knew, they dared not talk. Wall went into the saloons and circled the public square searching for his brother's killer." (From Joe F. Combs, *Gunsmoke in the Redlands)*

On Saturday, June 2, 1900, Wall encountered Ben Broocks, Border's cousin, on the sidewalk. Eugene drawled, "Ben, I hate to do this but I've got to get Curg Border back here." Five shots were fired. Four struck Ben Broocks, the fifth went wild. Backing away from Broock's body, Eugene, like a man gone mad,

held his empty pistol high in the air and shouted, "I want Curg Border!"

Then the fire burned out in Eugene as the reality of what he had done seeped through his senses. He had murdered an innocent man. Gun in hand he walked, trance-like, to his horse and rode slowly out of San Augustine. No one stood in his way.

Ben Broocks' body was hardly cold before lynch talk filled the town. Emerging from the saloons, the mob threatened to ride to the Wall home and swing Eugene to the nearest limb. Spirits were dampened, however, by the rumor that a virtual army had gathered at Buck's to protect Eugene and that they were coming into San Augustine that night to burn the town down.

Preparations were made to defend the town. Guns and ammunition was stockpiled in the saloons. By nightfall San Augustine was an armed camp. It looked like war. Upon the death of Sheriff Wall, the Commissioner's Court had appointed Noel G. Roberts, Wall's nephew and deputy, acting sheriff. Roberts faced the tremendous task of keeping the peace.

Saturday night and Sunday passed without bloodshed. On Monday morning, June 4, tragedy struck again. The Galveston *Daily News* ran the following article (June 4, 1900), giving a vivid description of the conditions.

In a general row this morning A. S. Roberts and F. G. Roberts were instantly killed and Sheriff Noel Roberts was wounded. Excitement runs high. The Governor was telegraphed for troops and the Stone Fort Rifles from Nacogdoches are en route from there at this time. They will probably arrive this evening. The above killings grew out of Eugene Wall killing Ben Broocks last Saturday evening. More trouble is anticipated by the citizens of this place.

A reign of terror exists in the old redland town of San Augustine, thirty-five miles east of here, and its influence extends to this town and other points due to a succession of tragedies arising from a feud that runs back several years between two factions, the Walls on one side and the Borders and Broocks on the other, all prominent pioneer people, with numerous friends, relatives, and backers there and in other localities.

Buck Wall, the head of a family of several sons and daughters, is a man of noted personal courage and also political perversity, being a union man at the time of the Confederate War, in which he refused to participate, and his sons are of similar character, being Populists, but having strong democratic friends and kindred, notably the Roberts and Tucker families.

On the opposite side is Curg Border, a young man who has had differences with the Walls for some years. He is a cripple from a wound in the leg. He is a relative of the Broocks family and on one occasion was arrested and imprisoned by Sheriff George Wall, offering bail but refused by the sheriff. He took this as an injustice, and in a difficulty afterward he shot Sheriff Wall dead on the streets. A few weeks ago he made bond and went away.

Last Saturday Eugene Wall, the youngest of the surviving brothers, about 24 years of age, shot Ben Broocks dead, firing five rapid shots, four of which took effect. Broocks was armed but did not draw his gun, probably because the first shot disabled him. There was no immediate quarrel, but there had been some small altercations before. Broocks' wife's father, Dr. Allen, living at Rich Hill, Missouri, had just arrived to take her and her two babies home with him on a visit. They are now here.

Two brothers, one a candidate for District Judge, the other a real estate man, and one sister of Broocks' reside at Beaumont. They were wired and at once came to the scene of the action accompanied by Border, arriving there this morning about seven o'clock.

At nine o'clock this morning another and more deplorable tragedy occurred and was at once telegraphed here. There are many relatives and friends of both factions here. This town at once went wild. John H. and M. L. Broocks, and Curg Border had met Sheriff Noel Roberts, who was the deputy, and a nephew of the late Sheriff Wall, and Felix G. Roberts and Sid Roberts, brothers of the sheriff, and a regular shooting battle had occurred.

Felix G. and Sid Roberts were killed on the spot and Sheriff Roberts was wounded in the chin, in the arm, and in the hand. Reports as to who were participants are indefinite.

Many shots were fired. The Border side got no wounds. The town went wild and many flew to their arms and further difficulty seemed certain. All people who know the parties predict more killings.

Nacogdoches is in direst dread and the deepest gloom as if an awful fate were impending. Men gathered in crowds on the streets here and discussed the trouble in the most excited manner. Officials had to clear the sidewalks for ladies to pass. Interested parties rushed around and got ready to rush off to combat. Horses, teams, arms and ammunition were quickly procured. Relays of horses were provided for by telephone for use on the way. One man made the ride in less than four hours riding four horses, (In relays.)

The governor was wired and the Stone Fort Rifles were ordered out. They left at nine o'clock today, thirty-five strong, under command of Captain Charles L. Schindler and Lieutenant Frank H. Dunson. They will get there about midnight. The roads are bad from heavy rains and it is still raining. Adjutant General Scurry wires that he will reach San Augustine about ten o'clock tomorrow morning with his rangers.

It is reported that the Walls and their

(Continued on page 56)

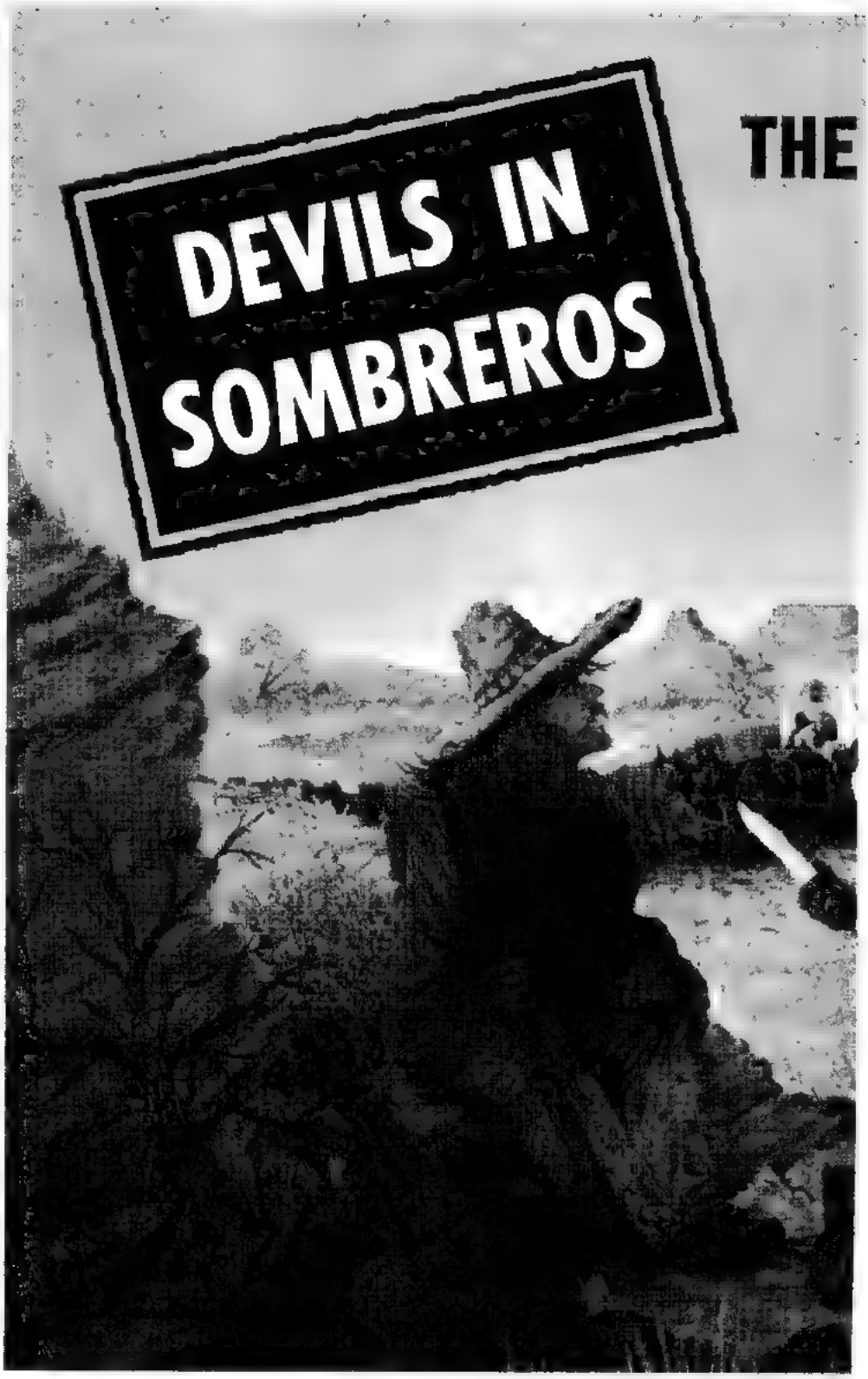
Bruno Wall in 1895

Buck Wall in 1910

THE DEVILS IN SOMBREROS

By JERRY SULLIVAN

Illustration by Larry Smitherman



OUT of the foothills of New Mexico and onto the *Llano Estacado* (Staked Plains) of West Texas rode a low-class, unscrupulous breed of men to trade with the plains tribes, the Comanche and Kiowa. On the plains the traders reaped a harvest of horses, cattle, and captives stolen by the Indians in their raids on frontier settlements. In return for the booty the Indians received clothing, coffee, tobacco, whiskey, and most important, guns and ammunition. With modern weapons and the vast *Llano Estacado* as a fortress, the Indians were able to make a last stand in defense of their ancient way of life against the expanding Texas frontier. The term "Mexican greaser" was far too good to describe these ruthless men, and the pioneer frontiersman, Josiah Gregg, coined a new word—a name spoken bitterly by frontier Texans—*Comancheros!*

One has to go back almost four centuries into Southwestern Spanish history to trace the circumstances which gave rise to trade relations between New Mexicans and the Indians of the plains. The need of meat to supplement the native diet of *tortillas*, maize, and *frijoles* led to seasonal trips to the *Llano Estacado* to hunt the abundant buffalo. The earliest reported hunting expedition took place in 1598 on order of Juan de Onate, first Spanish governor of New Mexico, and was intended basically to explore the possibility of domesticating the buffalo—a plan which failed miserably. The Spanish-Indian people of New Mexico continued the annual hunts until the buffalo disappeared in the late nineteenth century.

Of course, traveling onto the *Llano Estacado* was always dangerous, as the warlike Comanches and Kiowas ruled the vast territory with a strong arm. After almost two centuries, in 1786 Don Juan Bautista de Anza, then governor, made a treaty with the hostile tribes. As a result of the treaty the Comanches virtually became vassals of the Spanish king, pledging their friendship to New Mexico alone. In keeping their end of the bargain, the Comanches were to repel the encroachments of the interlopers, namely the French and Anglo-Americans. This bargain probably had an effect on the vigor of Comanche warfare against the American frontier for the next ninety years.

Although the treaty with New Mexico did not stop the Indians from raiding Spanish settlements in northern Mexico, it did release the tensions and dangers involved in traveling on the plains. The birth of peaceful coexistence between the Indians and New Mexicans gave rise to a class of Spanish buffalo hunters, called *Ciboleros* (derived from *cibola*, the Spanish word for buffalo). Each village sent a party to the plains annually to hunt the lumbering beasts. Armed only with lances, as the firearms of the day were not powerful enough for the hunt, the *Ciboleros* rode into the midst of vast herds and brought down as many of the huge animals as could be loaded on their *carretas* in the form of dried meat, hides and horns, to be carried back to their respective settlements. At common watering and camping sites on the plains the *Ciboleros* came into contact with the Comanches who were also hunting buffalo. From prolonged association with the Indians during a hunting season the *Ciboleros*, in addition to the fruits of the hunt, acquired beads, stone and shell ornaments, and occasionally a horse or a cow through trade.

The door then opened for enterprising New Mexicans to barter for meat and hides instead of hunting the animals, especially when it was realized how

COMANCHEROS

A Comanchero trades at The Valley of Tears, near South Plains, Texas, just off Caprock. The view is to the south, the Quitaque Peaks in the distance.

"Fancy a whole tribe of pretended white men, who change no clothing until it drops off, and for bedclothes merely add the buffalo robes or undressed cowskins which have served them for saddles during the day."—John Hittson

easily the Indians could be swapped out of the goods. A much later example of this fact was witnessed and recorded by Colonel Richard Irving Dodge at Fort Martin Scott near Fredericksburg, Texas, when a soldier traded a box of matches to a Lipan Apache for five beautifully dressed wildcat skins.

The Indian promptly sat down and struck the matches one by one until they were gone, then got up and wandered off, apparently satisfied with the transaction. The ease of barter and the Indians' affinity for trinkets gave birth to the *Comanchero* trade, which was carried on separate of *Cibolero* activity.

IN the early nineteenth century, exchange of goods on the plains and near the New Mexico settlements was for the most part limited to hides and dried meat in return for trinkets and simple items. But by 1850, as trade items shifted to guns and whiskey in return for captives and livestock, the Staked Plains became the principal area of operations.

Captain Lemuel Ford was the first American to make note of the traders, in 1835. His only comment concerning them was that they "are the meanest looking race of people I ever saw . . . dirty, filthy creatures."

The next mention of the *Comancheros* was in 1839, by the man who named them, Josiah Gregg. In June of that year, as Gregg moved a caravan along the Canadian River in Texas, en route to Santa Fe from Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, three *Comancheros* overtook Gregg's party seeking protection from the Comanches who had turned on the traders for some unknown reason. Gregg agreed to give them escort to the New Mexico settlements in return for guide services.

On June 21, from camp on the Canadian, a few miles east of the present Texas-New Mexico border, Gregg and the three *Comancheros* left the caravan and moved toward Santa Fe at a more rapid pace. Upon leaving the main party, Gregg was fearful that his companions might turn him over to the Indians, in the event they ran into some, in order to save their own hides. But no Indians were encountered.

Gregg's main complaint about the character of the *Comancheros*, other than their uncleanliness, was their manner of reply to questions about distances and directions. These old traders had no concept of distance except in relation to time, and would respond with *"esta*

cerquita" (it is close by) or *"esta lejos"* (it is far off), depending on which struck their fancy at that moment. Gregg also commented on the way in which the traders indicated direction, "which is done by thrusting out the lips in the direction of that spot which the inquirer wishes to find out, accompanied by an *'aqui'* or *'alli esta.'* The method of indicating is due to the *serape*, which keep the hands and arms perpetually confined."

Upon reaching the *Angostura* (narrows) of the Canadian, Gregg found the place impassable for his caravan. The *Comancheros* told him of another route, farther south, passing *Cerro de Tucumcari*. Gregg finally persuaded one of the traders, Tio Baca, to return to the wagontrain and lead it along the southern route, but not before giving him a ten dollar bonus. After much ritual, including recommending himself to the Virgin Guadalupe and all the saints in the calendar, Baca left to rejoin the caravan. No other notable events occurring, Gregg reached Santa Fe June 25, and the wagontrain arrived safely on July 4.

Trade between the Indians and the Mexicans continued both on the plains and at outlying New Mexico settlements until 1848. But the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, ending the Mexican War, put New Mexico into the hands of the United States and changed things for the *Comancheros*.

FEDERAL interest in the illegal trade of contraband was first indicated in a letter from the New Mexico Indian Superintendent, James S. Calhoun, to Washington, dated October 15, 1849, which stated, "It is through the medium of these traders that arms and ammunition are supplied to the Indians who refuse submission to our authority."

Calhoun also accused the *Comancheros* of engaging in captive trade, which he called "slave trade." Captives, whether American or Mexican, were bought and taken to New Mexico where the traders released them upon receiving a bounty of $100 to $150 from the government for their return. If the bounty could not be obtained, the *Comancheros* sold the captives to *patrones* as laborers and servants. The cost to the traders for captives depended on age, sex, beauty, and usefulness. Santana, the noted Kiowa chief, once said, "Stealing white women is a more lucrative business than stealing horses."

As further evidence to support his claim that the *Comancheros* were participating in wholesale trading of captives, Calhoun wrote a letter on March 31, 1850, to Indian Commissioner Orlando Brown in Washington concerning four young people recently brought in by the traders. All four were Mexicans captured by Indians on raids into northern Mexico. The first was twelve-year-old Refugio Picaros, captured near St. Jago, Durango. He was "purchased" from the Comanches by Jose Francisco Lucero, of Moro, New Mexico, for four knives, one plug of tobacco, two *fanegas* (3.2 bushels) of corn, four blankets, and six yards of red cloth. The second captive

Courtesy U.S. Signal Corps, Photo No. 111-SC 83837-A in the National Archives

James S. Calhoun, the New Mexico Indian Superintendent, was the first federal official to indicate concern over the illegal trade of contraband by the Comancheros.

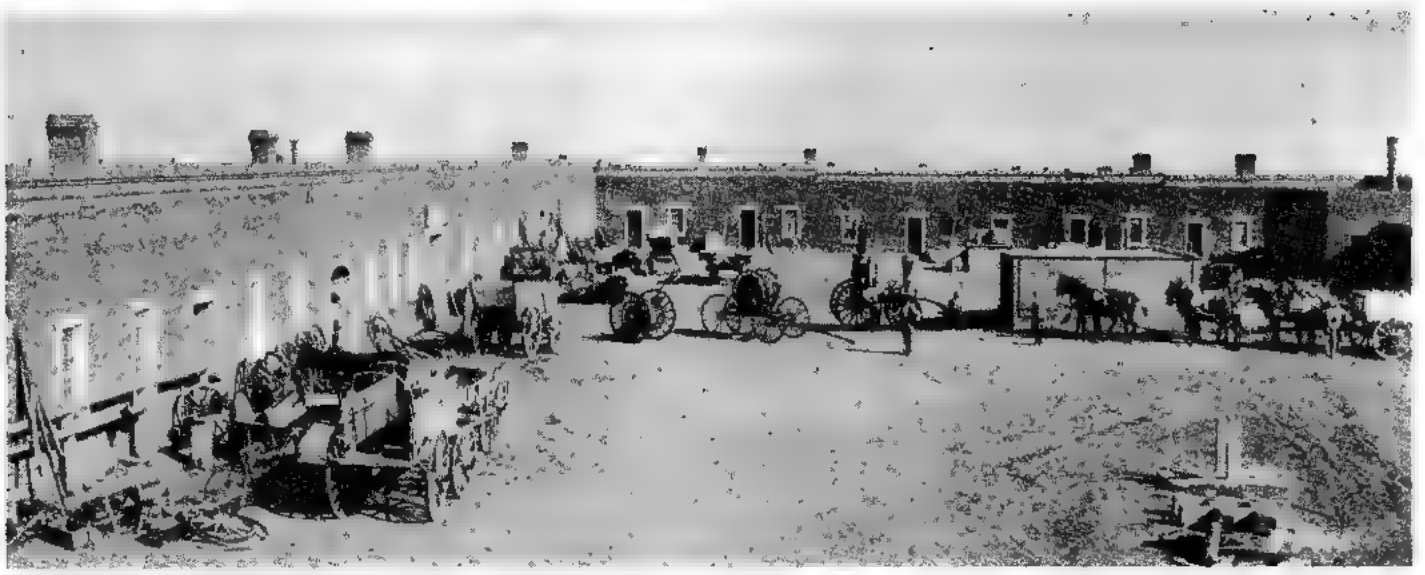
was Guadanlans Galope, also twelve years old, captured near Santa Cruz and ransomed by Vincente Romero. Romero traded one mare, one rifle, one shirt, one pair of drawers, one buffalo robe, some bullets and thirty small packages of powder for the boy. Another captive was Teodoro Martel, aged ten, captured near Saltillo and restored by Powler Sandoval, of Moro. The Indians received the same items for Teodoro as they had for the Galope youngster.

The other captive mentioned by Calhoun was a young Mexican woman, Rosalie Tavaris, whose husband and daughter had been killed when she was captured near Monclova. Powler Sandoval traded two blankets, ten yards of blue cotton drilling, ten yards of calico, ten yards of cotton shirting, two handkerchiefs, four plugs of tobacco, one bag of corn, and one knife for the girl. The amount given by Sandoval for Rosalie Tavaris illustrates the higher value placed on women.

In an effort to curtail this traffic, and eventually abolish it, Calhoun installed a system of licensing legitimate traders, passing over shady-looking characters. In one year, late 1849 and early 1850, only three licenses were issued, but, according to Calhoun, "the number of traders going to the plains was never greater."

Two things accounted for the failure of the licensing procedure, the first being that many traders traveled to the trading areas under a single license. Also, most traders did not bother to get licenses and proceeded to trade just as they always had. Nevertheless, the licensing system remained in effect until after the Civil War.

Trading activity during the 1850s is reflected in the reminiscences of Clinton Smith who, along with his brother Jeff, was captured and held for several years by the Quahadi Comanches. Occasionally, *Comancheros* came into the Quahadi camp to trade. They wanted captives, but, according to Smith, were not able to get any from the tribe. The traders



Courtesy U.S. Signal Corps, Photo No. 111-SC-88018 in the National Archives

The wagon yard at Fort Union, New Mexico. Date of photo unknown.

did, however, manage to barter for other items.

"Those fool Indians would let the Mexicans pick their mules for a keg of whiskey," said Clinton Smith, "ten pounds of coffee was accepted for a pack horse, five pounds of tobacco would get a mule, and a buffalo robe would be exchanged for little or nothing. The only way the Indians would let them come into camp was with packs loaded down on jacks."

THE *Comancheros* in some cases were god-sends for captives who had managed to escape from the Indians. In September 1853, Mrs. Jane Adeline Wilson was captured by the Tenawa Comanches near Fort Phantom Hill, at present-day Abilene, Texas. Mrs. Wilson waited for a chance to escape, and soon the opportunity came. After hiding a small supply of food in a hollow tree, she later escaped and hid in this tree while the Comanches scoured the area in search of her. Finally giving up, the Indians went on their way. Mrs. Wilson remained in the tree for twelve days and was in bad shape when she was found by a group of *Comancheros* en route to trade with the same band from which she had escaped. The traders took the woman with them and secreted her near the Comanche camp until their business was completed, then took her to New Mexico.

Another incident involved Texas Ranger Nelson Lee, held captive by the Comanches for three years. He managed to escape with a small food supply and a rifle in the fall of 1858. Lee wandered in the mountains, presumably the Big Bend Country, for fifty-six days before being found near starvation by *Comancheros* Antonio Halleno, Jose de Silva, and Mario Francisco de Lezzez. The traders were returning from Comanche country with eight packloads of robes and furs. Lee was high in praise of the traders stating, "I owe them a lasting debt of gratitude which I can only repay by proclaiming their noble hearted generosity."

The incidents involving Mrs. Wilson and Nelson Lee were the exception rather than the rule, however, and their attitudes toward the *Comancheros* were not representative of the frontier attitude soon to cement itself in the minds of Texans. The Civil War interrupted what little federal action was being taken toward the traders, and the illegal trade grew to its height during the war and shortly thereafter.

With the removal of the military force from the forts along the Texas frontier, Comanche raids became more numerous and more damaging. The frontier defense provided by the Confederate government in Texas did little to prevent the forays. During the war the frontier in some areas was pushed back one hundred miles. The main objective in the Indian raids was cattle and horses, which could easily be traded to the *Comancheros* for guns and whiskey. The number of cattle driven into New Mexico by the traders ran into the hundreds of thousands. John Hittson estimated that 150,000 head of stock were stolen in the Palo Pinto area alone!

The Comanches drove the stock to trading camps along the escarpment of the *Llano Estacado*, stretching from the Colorado River to the Canadian River, where the *Comancheros* came to trade. The main trading sites were Muchaque, seven miles southeast of present Gail, Texas; Laguna Sabinas (Cedar Lake), twenty-five miles northeast of Seminole, Texas; Cañon de Rescate (Canyon of Ransom), within the city limits of Lubbock, Texas; Casas de Amarillas (Yellowhouses), north of Levelland, Texas; Rio do Las Lenguas (River of the Tongues), the present Pease River; Quitaque, at the town of the same name; Valle de Lagrimas (Valley of Tears), near South Plains, Texas; Tule, near Tulia, Texas; Palo Duro, near Canyon, Texas; and Las Tecovas, near old Tascosa at Sanford Springs, later headquarters of the Frying Pan Ranch.

In driving the cattle into New Mexico, the *Comancheros* used three main trade routes, leading from waterhole to waterhole across the vast, dry *Llano Estacado*. The southern trade route led from Muchaque and Laguna Sabinas through Cañon de Rescate and Casas de Amarillas westward to Bosque Redondo on the Pecos River in New Mexico. The middle, from Las Lenguas, Quitaque, Valle de Lagrimas, and Tule, terminated at La Laguna, on Alamogordo Creek north of Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The northern route departed the middle trail at Tule and led northward to Palo Duro, turned westward to the Canadian River at Tucumcari, New Mexico, joined a trail from Las Tecovas, and ended at Las Vegas, New Mexico. Traders from the Santa Fe and Las Vegas areas used the upper route, while those around Puerta de Luna and Anton Chico used the two southern trails. The trails were described by Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie and Charles Goodnight as being broad and well-beaten, "as plain as any of our wagon roads."

IMMEDIATELY after the war, efforts were renewed to stop the illegal cattle traffic. Early in 1867, the New Mexico Superintendent of Indian Affairs, A. B. Norton, revoked the trade licenses begun by James Calhoun in 1849. Another step toward control was the establishment of a fort near one of the main trails. Fort Bascom was located near present Tucumcari, New Mexico, close to the northern trail leading to the plains. To enforce the revocation of licenses, small units of troops from the post were picketed along the trail route to check any suspicious characters passing in either direction.

The fort had some success in halting a few traders and confiscating their goods. In August 1867, six *Comancheros* with eleven jackloads of trading goods were captured. On September 7, 1867, Captain George Letterman reported that 800 head of cattle taken from *Comancheros* were being held at Fort Bascom. The nominal success of Fort Bascom did not affect the overall trade activity, however, as it continued to grow.

In the late 1860s Charles Goodnight

(Continued on page 52)

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Snow and moonlight and the soft swish of skis--then came

A SCREAM IN THE NIGHT

By LYMAN P. DAVISON

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Author's note: Mrs. Viola A. Herrick, (November 3, 1889-September 25, 1969) was a leading member of this far-flung community for many years. While raising her own family she was the area midwife. She was also our postmistress. Often she cooked for lumber camps, took in stray children and gave them the same love she did her own, and rarely served a meal which didn't include others "who just dropped in." My Bar Dough Brand adjoins the Herrick ranch, and I was privileged to record her accounts of Idaho's pioneer days.

MY TREK that night through the snow-laden woods was very much like a good many others. I was then the only midwife in that part of Idaho encompassing Long Valley of Valley County. I was frequently called upon to assist in births. On many occasions, during the long winter months, I could only reach the expectant mother's home by a long hike on skis. Sometimes I had to break trail over ground made difficult by drifts and windfalls; however, I managed to keep myself in top physical health and

Mrs. Viola Herrick about 1940. Below, most of her neighbor's children used long skis such as her own. Hers were the same length as the pair to the left of the longest ones shown here.

The gulch which Mrs. Herrick traversed that night on skis is shown here along with two unidentified timbermen.

the thoughts of a new life's insisting on arriving always spurred me on.

The husband, John Huff, had stopped by at our ranch just at suppertime and explained that his wife Mary believed her baby would surely arrive very shortly. John was worried and, since he was usually calm in a crisis, I believed that I would indeed be needed, and probably that night. I assured him I would leave soon and, after thanking me, he departed for his cabin on the slopes of West Mountain.

As soon as my family was fed, I dressed in my warmest clothing and laced on some boots. Then checking my bag for necessary supplies, I stepped out into the cold, overcast November night, grabbing my skis and poles which always stood outside stuck upright in the snowbank. The sun was sinking behind West Mountain.

The snow on the road was well packed and I made good time walking and carrying my skis over my shoulder. I liked to walk in the refreshing winter nights, and with my skis and poles over one shoulder and my medical bag over the other I was comfortably balanced. Anyway, I knew that soon enough I would have to leave the road and rely on my skis to get me through the foot or so of new snow which had fallen that afternoon.

By the time I had reached the junction of the mountain trail, the winter darkness had set in with the suddenness which during these heavy overcasts never failed to surprise me. It seemed that one second it was twilight and the very next it was pitch black night. However, that particular night I noticed that the overcast was breaking up, and hoped that I would have some moonlight soon.

When I came to the trail I stopped and finally convinced the stubborn ski bindings that they had to go over my boots. My husband, Coit, had made the skis from straight-grained spruce, shaping them by plane and draw-knife, then steaming and bending them to shape. They were rugged and I had learned to use them well. I could never have made my wilderness appointments in the winter without them.

Trudging along with those half-dragging strides so familiar to all who have skied cross-country, I wondered how Mary was getting along. John would have arrived several hours ago, so at least the cabin would be warm and she would not be alone.

I figured it would take me an hour to reach the cabin, which would make it about ten o'clock. With thoughts like these running through my mind, enduring the usual worry of would I be in time, had I included all the medical sup-

(Continued on page 58)

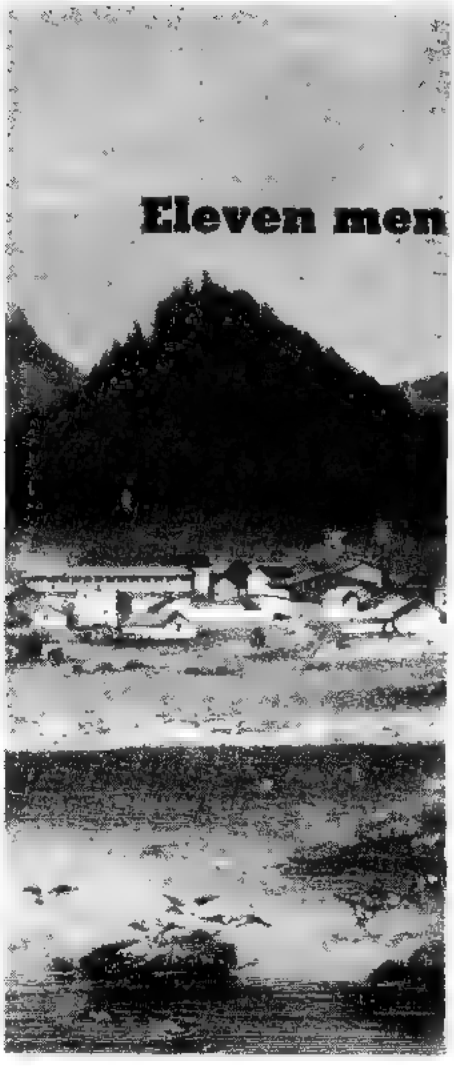
Eleven men

CURSE

By
RANDALL A. REINSTEDT
Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy California State Library

David S. Terry was a tough man to beat, either in court or with a six-shooter!



DON JOSE MARIA SANCHEZ was an extraordinary example of the Spanish Californian. In his early forties he was tall, powerfully built, handsome, and his magnificent *rancho* "Las Animas" held 40,000 acres of rich pastures and open timber. He was *alcalde* of the busy mission town of San Juan Bautista and was admired by all who knew him.

One uninviting December evening while returning from a profitable "cattle drive" to the gold fields, Don Jose approached the last obstacle between him and his spacious *hacienda*. Stopping at the rain-swollen Pajaro River, Sanchez thought of spending the night and finding a safe crossing in the morning. But the thought of his beautiful wife and his family only a few miles beyond was too much to resist. Urging his mount into the swiftly flowing water, Sanchez was swept from the horse and never seen again.

Talk of Don Jose's death quickly spread through communities surrounding Monterey Bay. Speculation arose over what would become of his vivacious widow, his five young children, and his kingly domain. In the 1850s a young widow was looked upon as legitimate prey by squatters, bandits, and desperadoes who made themselves comfortable with other people's property. The land was still ruled by the six-shooter, and the bullet reigned as final judge.

The law of Monterey County, however, lay in the capable hands of Sheriff William Roach. Roach was respected by both the Californians and the *gringos*—he was a mountain of a man and kept law and order with his fists as well as his guns. It was but a few weeks after the death of Don Jose that Sheriff Roach offered his services to the heartbroken Chonita Sanchez. A bargain was struck; William Roach gave up his political office and became administrator of the Sanchez estate.

Chonita was greatly relieved and willingly gave Roach full control of all her affairs. The ex-sheriff's first official duty was to remove the Sanchez treasure from the *hacienda* and hide the heavy sacks of gold in a safe place.

Taking the gold from a huge barrel where it had been carelessly thrown, Roach loaded it on his mule and in the dead of night took it to his Monterey home. Drawing the curtains, Roach and his wife placed the gold in a steel box, scooped a hole in the adobe foundation, sealed in the box, and placed a camphorwood chest on the floor over it.

The seventeen sacks of gold dust, each containing $5,000, remained in the scooped out vault for two years, only Roach and his wife knowing the whereabouts of the vast Sanchez fortune.

ROACH did a remarkable job as administrator of the Sanchez estate. The vast herds of cattle, sheep, and horses continued to grow and, most important of all, Roach kept the land free of uninvited guests.

The arrival of Doctor Walter Sanford in 1853 marked the end of the successful eighteen-month tenure of Roach as administrator, and the beginning of an eleven-year period of terror and bloodshed which spread over much of the California territory. The Yankee doctor had been in town only a few months when he met the charming Chonita Sanchez. They were immediately attracted to each other and it was not long before they were married at Mission San Juan.

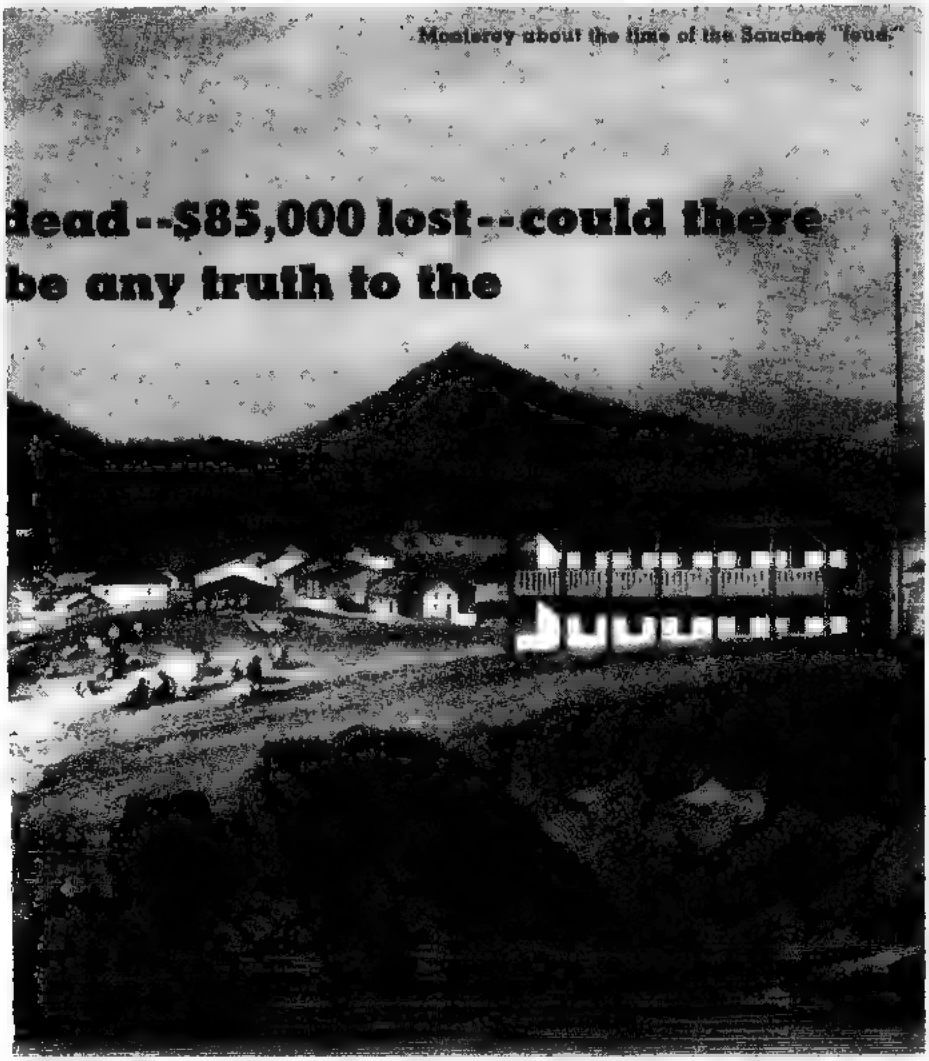
It was Sanford's visit to Roach, with the information that he was no longer administrator and requesting the $85,000, which started the bloody chain of events. Roach willingly gave up his duties, but refused to give back the money without first taking his fee, which he calculated at $35,000.

Sanford balked at such an exorbitant figure and stalked from the Roach house vowing to fight the case through the courts and pay only what was considered legal and just.

Being a newcomer to the area, Sanford did not realize the tremendous influence Roach had with the people of Monterey. Try as he might he could not get a lawyer to touch the case. Louis Belcher, a young Monterey attorney who was jealous of Roach and his way with the people, met with Sanford and told him his only hope would be to employ the services of a gunfighting Stockton attorney named David S. Terry.

Sanford left immediately for the valley town. Terry, veteran of the Mexican War and Texas struggle for independence, noted gun handler and expert with the Bowie knife, loved a fight and readily accepted the case.

Terry visited Roach at his Monterey



Monterey about the time of the Sanchez "feud."

Courtesy California State Library

Louis Belcher, a young Monterrey attorney, referred Sanford to the gunfighting lawyer, David S. Terry.

OF THE SANCHEZ TREASURE

home. He made Roach the attractive settlement offer of $20,000, but as Roach had done with Sanford, he refused to accept less than his set fee of $85,000. Terry left the premises with a promise to get the Sanchez money "whatever the cost."

REALIZING it would be useless to bring Roach to trial in his own home town, Terry conceived a plan both lawless and daring. He would have Roach kidnapped from Monterey County and brought to San Joaquin County where Terry was the accepted boss. Terry sent four hoodlums to Monterey, armed with a warrant for the arrest of one William Roach and charging him with "defrauding the estate of Jose Maria Sanchez while acting as administrator."

These men succeeded in capturing Roach and hustling him out of Monterey under the cover of darkness. They rode all that night, following back trails and seldom used canyons. In the early hours of the morning they stopped at the Plaza Hotel in the town of San Jose. Rousing Big Jim, the barkeep, out of his sleep they warmed their weary bodies with whiskey. Drink after drink passed over the bar, and as his captors celebrated the success of their bloodless coup, Roach saw his chance to get a message back to Monterey. In the pocket of his overcoat he felt the stub of a pencil and some old cards. While the men toasted their good fortune, he feverishly scribbled a note. Slipping the card to Jim, a long-time friend, he cautiously told him to get the message to his wife.

As the alcohol continued to flow, Roach had a second chance to speak to Jim. "I'm leaving this overcoat here. Give it to the first man who brings a written order from me for it. *Written*—understand!"

Jim nodded and continued to pour the whiskey. None of the four guards minded the transfer of the coat. The freely pouring Jim had more than done his job for his old friend Bill Roach. Back to the horses the five men headed and through the back trails they continued to ride. All through that day they avoided the main road and it was not until late the second night that they finally halted their weary mounts before the Stockton jail.

Stiffly dismounting, Roach was led down a long corridor and thrown into a kennel-like cell. Midway through the next

(Continued on page 66)

PRINCE

Thomas Moore, Chief Packer, affectionately called "Colonel" by old friends.

Courtesy Haynes Studio Bozeman Montana

WOULD HELP never come? More than 100 hours had elapsed since a messenger slipped away through the murky night from the beseiged handful of white men. Would Rankin make it through the hostiles' guard line to the telegraph at Rawlins, Wyoming, some 150 miles away to summon help?

The Utes had killed Commander T. T. Thornburgh and fourteen of his men and wounded thirty-five others on Milk Creek, on their way from Fort Steele, Wyoming Territory, to the relief of Indian Agent Nathan C. Meeker at the White River Ute Agency in Colorado.

For four days and more the remnant of the command, under wounded Captain

The most welcome sound

Not many trumpets woul

Courtesy Library State Historical Society of Colorado

Robert Lindneux painting, *Besieged Wagon Train on Milk Creek* Commander T. T. Thornburgh and party were on their way to the White River Ute Agency in Colorado when attacked by Utes at Milk Creek.

OF PACKERS

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photos Courtesy Author

J. Scott Payne, had repulsed fierce Indian attacks upon the hastily dug trenches and breastworks made up in part of horses and mules shot down by the Indians. During the last few hours, however, no shot had been fired. The quiet darkness was ominous. What were the Utes up to now?

Then with the first gray dawn the morning silence was broken by the clear, decisive trumpet notes of "Officers' Call." Men scrambled from the rifle pits. Cheer followed cheer. General Wesley Merritt's relief column had arrived!

In the cavalry, Officers' Call was blown so that there might be no collision with friends who, in darkness, might mistake the hoofbeats of the horses for those of a foe.

Merritt's rescuing command from Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming Territory, had made remarkable time after receiving the news telegraphed from Rawlins on the morning of October 1, 1879 that Captain Payne's men were in trouble.

Within four hours after the first orders reached General Merritt from Department Headquarters in Omaha, a special Union Pacific train pulled out from Cheyenne, loaded with men, equipment, and animals headed for Rawlins, 200 miles westward. A second train followed three hours later.

Although many army officers and men performed aptly during that crisis, there was one individual whose experience and skill contributed most to the success of the relief expedition. That man was Tom Moore, prince of packers, chief of transportation of the quartermaster's department. Moore had assembled the horses and mules and the larger part of their equipment at Camp Carlin, one mile from Fort D. A. Russell, and had supervised the loading of the trains. His work again was outstanding in Rawlins, where the troops detrained to start the march overland. That forced march of 150 miles which the troops, including Moore and his pack train, made in 66½

(Continued on page 42)

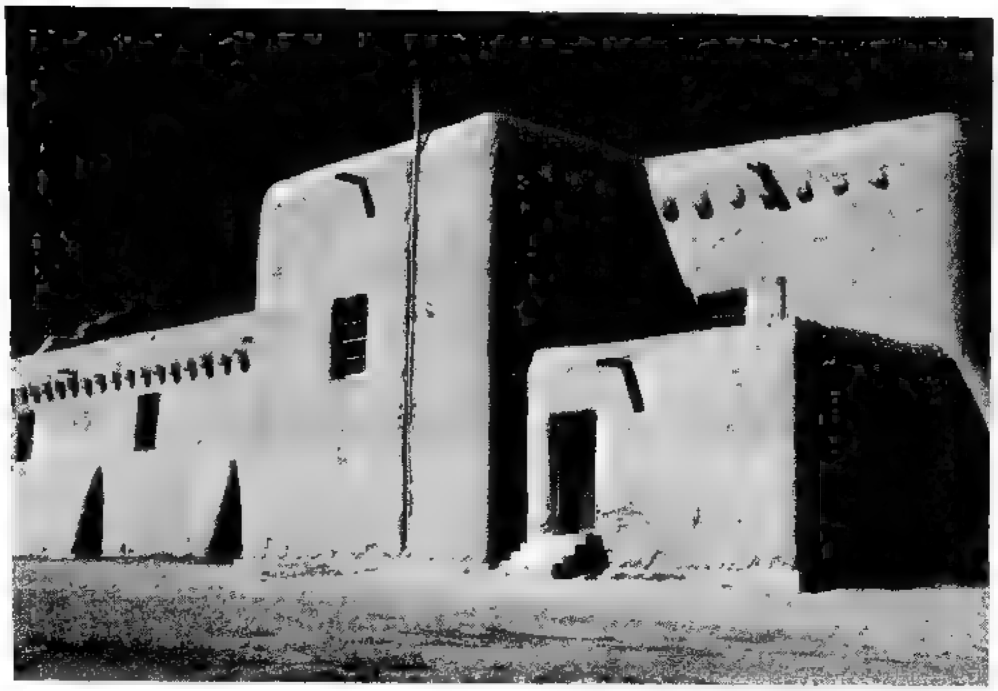
beleagured cavalryman could hear was a trumpet announcing that help was on the way. have given that signal had it not been for men like Tom Moore . . .

Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

After four days of fighting the remains of Thornburgh's troops, under command of Captain J. Scott Payne, receive aid. General Wesley Merritt's relief column arrives and signals their approach with "Officer's Call." From *Harpers Magazine*, Vol. LXXX, Dec., 1889-May, 1890.

NEW MEXICO'S TOWNS OF

From a life of bondage emerged the Genizaros--the heirs of sorrow, the children of many bloods



Courtesy New Mexico State Tourist Bureau, Santa Fe

Church of St. Thomas at Abiquiu in northern New Mexico. An adobe building of pueblo style, it was built in 1939 to replace an old church located nearby. Below, the church at Tomé.

I first heard the word *Genizaro* in 1907, when I came with my mother and father to the little village of Belen, New Mexico. The word meant nothing to me then. Later I learned that Belen was a *Genizaro* town, one of the three New Mexico towns of terror, in the Valle de Lagrimas (Valley of Tears).

I recalled then the stories my little friend, Librada Baca had told me with many gestures and much sighing, and realized that Librada had not made up the Indian stories, as I had supposed, but was relating tales handed down in her family for generations. (*New Mexico History* by Bloom and Donnelly, defines *Genizaro* as coming from the Spanish, meaning "begotten by parents of different nations.")

We had come from Kentucky, and next door to us, in a sprawling adobe house with a big flower-filled patio, lived the Baca family. Librada's family was a large one and all spoke English with a very slight accent. Librada was the youngest, and my age. She told me stories and I listened spellbound.

One bright, sunny day Librada and I were playing in our favorite spot on the *acequia* bank, our dolls safely cradled on beds of tender cottonwood leaves. I took some lemon drops from my pocket and divided them with her, and mentioned that my grandfather in Kentucky had sent them—that he had a store and he used to give me all the candy I wanted.

Librada was quiet for a long moment and then said, "My family never had a

TERROR

By LENORE DILS

Photos Courtesy Author

store," and then more importantly, "but my great-grandmother and my great-grandfather were *Genizaros*."

I shrugged in the way I had learned from Librada and her family to express indifference. I had never heard the word before and I supposed it was a family name like Brown or Jones. When I didn't seem to be impressed, she continued, "My great-grandparents were with the very first *Genizaros* to come to Belen. They had great danger and oh, so much fear!" She shuddered visibly.

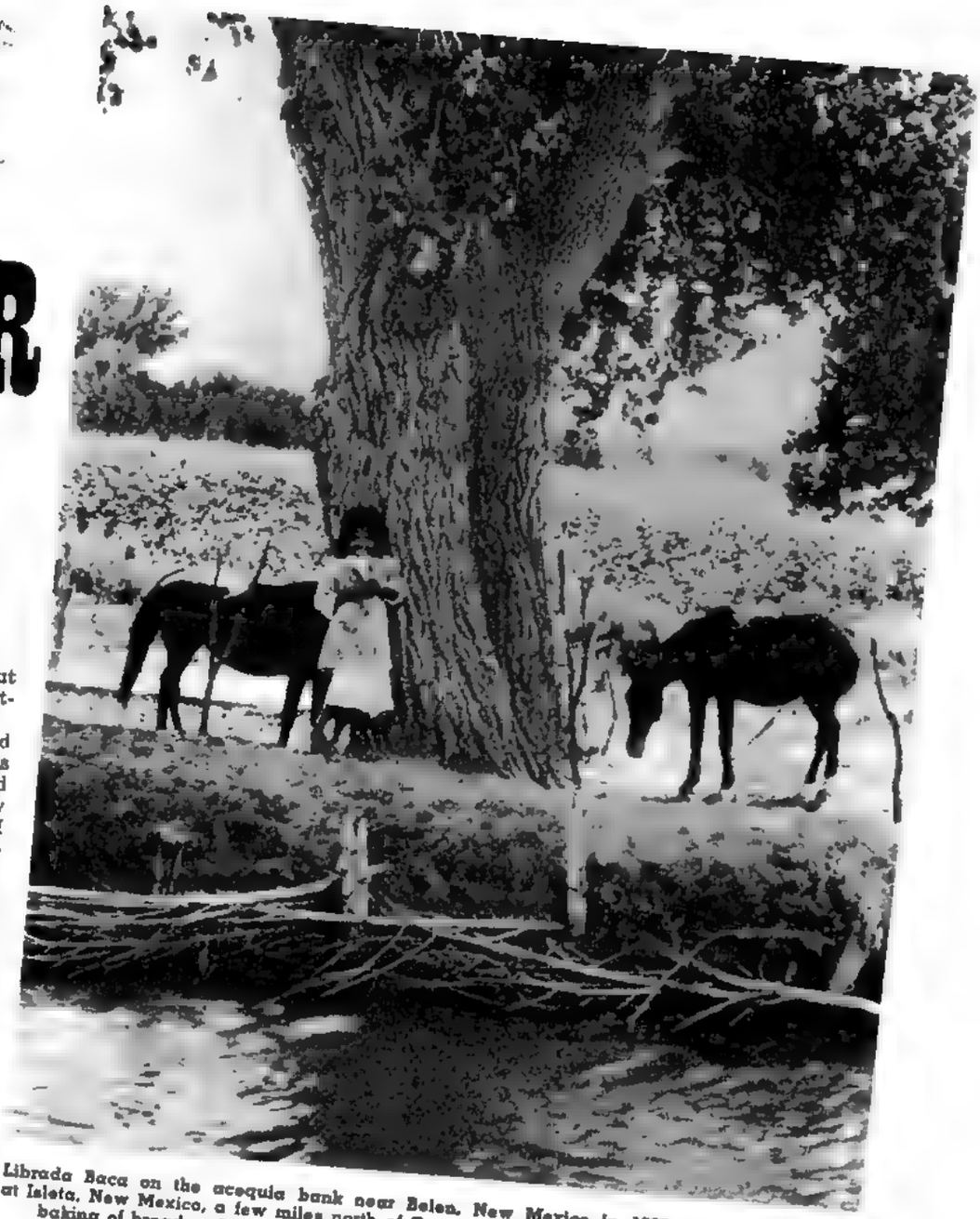
"Well, we had feuds in Kentucky, and my mother stayed at Grandmother's house she was so afraid," I countered, not to be outdone. I am sure Librada knew as little about feuds as I did about the *Genizaros*.

Still trying to best me, she went on, "The Indians burned houses, and took all the corn from the fields and drove off the sheep, cows and horses. And they carried away the boys and girls for slaves, and killed many men—and women, too, if they were old and ugly."

"You're trying to scare me," I accused.

"Oh, the Indians are gone now," she consoled. She sounded as if she were telling the truth, but I couldn't quite see how that could be.

"MY great-grandmother was an Indian," Librada said, "and her name meant Morning Star. She was captured by Spanish soldiers from Santa Fe when she was very small, but old enough to remember. They killed her father and mother and many of the other men and women of their tribe. However, they brought the small children to Santa Fe, where they were given new names and brought up in the church. My grandmother became Lucy Martinez. Once she wore a beautiful white veil and a white dress and walked in a parade at Easter. But now she had much sadness



Librada Baca on the acequia bank near Belen, New Mexico in 1907. Below, hornos at Isleta, New Mexico, a few miles north of Tomé. Ovens of this type were used in the baking of bread and meats and are still popular today in the New Mexico area.

On left is the courtyard entrance to the Don Jose Felipe Chavez home at Belen. Built about 1858, it served as a fort for a time. At right, the front of the Chavez home.

as she thought about her moth . and father. Her brother was also brought in by the Spaniards, and sometimes she saw him, and he always told her that someday they would be free. The padre was not unkind, and gave her a rosary and sent her to church every morning. She learned to read a little and how to sew and weave and cook. And every day when she went to the church she prayed for the souls of her mother and father, which made her feel better."

"And when she was old enough, she got married," I prompted.

"Yes, when she met this young man with the black curly hair, she knew that someway they must be married. He was also a *Genizaro*, only he was half-Indian and half-Mexican. He had been captured by the Indians, and when he was thirteen years old the Spanish soldiers recaptured him after a battle with the Apaches and returned him to Santa Fe. And after a while he was given a uniform and put in the Spanish army there. He was still very young; he was sixteen and my great-grandmother was fourteen when they were married by the padre. Afterward they were sent with a few others to Belen.

"They had been here for almost two months when the Indians made a raid, and my great-grandmother's brother was captured and killed. Many others were taken also, and some were killed. Oh, it was so sad, living in Belen in those days." Labrada sighed heavily. I sighed also, to show my sympathy, as was the Mexican custom.

"My great-grandmother told my father that the Rio Grande was not fed by the snows and rains as some claimed, but by the tears of the *Genizaros*. There was blood and fear always; almost every day people went to the Campo Santo to bury someone killed by the Indians. One never knew when the Indians might come."

The tomb-mausoleum of Felipe Chavez. Designed by architect Angelo di Tullio, it was constructed of Italian marble and red sandstone.

A LONG TIME AGO someone observed that slavery was really a humane reform, and suggested that, after all, slavery was preferable to death. Before slavery the captives were always put to death.

The *Genizaro* system of slavery in New Mexico was perhaps no more inhumane than that of other countries, but the Spaniards were hard taskmasters. They would put to death any slave who did not obey them. They tried to force Indians to accept Christianity. When they did accept, they sometimes were given work which was less exhausting, such as making *mantas* in the factories, or working in the *haciendas* of the *ricos* or in the fields. Those who resisted the new religion might be sent down the dreaded Jornada del Muerto, the ninety-mile stretch of road which took such a grim toll of lives. Those who lived to reach the mines at Parral or Santa Rita did not last long because the work there was quite intolerable.

The *Genizaros* were Spanish, Mexican or Indian captives who had been returned to their tribes or towns, and released from slavery. *Genizaros* might include Indian prisoners of the Spaniards, whose status was that of slaves, or Spanish captives of Indians. Some of the Indians would be traded for buffaloes or captive Spaniards. The Indians traded for corn, horses, and for their own

tribesmen. Not only did the Spaniards and Indians fight each other, but the Comanches and Utes raided the peaceful Navajo tribes and Apache villages.

In time the *Genizaros* merged into the general population, and this caused a strong racial Indian element among the Spanish-Americans. It is believed that a number of important Navajo clans derive from such captives, and certainly there was a mixture of Indian and Spanish bloods.

Early explorers and friars were tireless missionaries. Most of the Indians became "converts" but with reservation and with great cunning. They attended the Christian services, allowed themselves to be baptized, and accepted their Spanish names. After the services they hurried to their *kivas* to engage in rites they could understand and in which they believed. Indian men helped build churches, worked in the gardens and herded flocks of sheep; the women would weave and clean. All Indian babies were given Spanish names, regardless of their parentage. This practice has added to the confusion of tracing the bloodlines of early New Mexico inhabitants.

Indian medicine men were frequently arrested and charged with idolatry, witchcraft and other obscure offenses. The Spanish courts found them guilty and many were hanged. A few years before the Pueblo Revolution in 1680, when the Spaniards were chased out of New Mexico, forty-seven Pueblo medicine men were arrested and taken to Santa Fe. Such a terrible clamor went up from other Indian leaders that their release was forced. Among these Indians was one named Pope, who came from San Juan. It was he who led the Indians in revolt when the Spaniards returned to Old Mexico.

RECENTLY explorers at old Spanish mines have uncovered many chicken ladders—long poles, notched for a foothold. These were used by slaves to climb up and down, carrying their hide sacks of ore swinging from a head band or over one shoulder. These poles are to be found in most of the old Spanish mines, including the mines at Santa Rita, New Mexico.

The law of the men from Spain was different from Indian law, and the Indians never came to understand these edicts or yield to them. This was one of the reasons they were taken into captivity. During one famine, it is said, the Apaches suffered so severely that they came to the pueblos to sell their slaves and even their own children to get food. The Franciscans were willing to purchase the children in order to convert them; Governor Lopez, however, seized the men, women and children who had come in peace and sent forty-three of them to the mines in Parral. In 1680 there was a minimum of 700 Indians in Santa Fe.

After the Pueblo Revolution and the recapture of New Mexico by De Vargas, the Spaniards worked out a plan to stop depredations by Indians. They rounded up friendly *Genizaros* and peaceful Indians and settled them in small village outposts as a buffer zone. Tomé, Belen and Abiquiu became known as *Genizaro* towns—the towns of fear and grief. But the settlers began to have hope. They had come up from privation and slavery. They now had small parcels of land and some of them had sheep, cows, chickens, a burro or horses and a garden and fields of corn. And, best of all, they had a church, and neighbors to stand with them as they fought the Indians.

THE village of Tomé, located about twenty miles southeast of Albuquerque, on the east side of the Rio Grande, was the first of the Genizaro towns to be settled.

Tomé originally had been the hacienda of Tomé-Dominguez de Mendoza, and had been continually raided, as was the *Genizaro* settlement which followed it. The Spanish government at Santa Fe was satisfied with the performance of these brave settlers, however, because the Indian raids were being stopped before they reached Albuquerque and Santa Fe.

The horror of the attacks against Tomé continued for many years. In the records book of May 26, 1777, Fray Andres wrote that he had buried twenty-one settlers from the Tomé chapel, and on July 3, 1778 he wrote that thirty more persons had been massacred by the Indians. These were notable because of their number. Almost daily there were raids, citizens taken into slavery, crops burned, and livestock driven off.

A residence in the old town of Abiquiu in northern New Mexico.

Courtesy New Mexico Department of Development

An adobe structure typical of the Southwest.

Attempts at retaliation were made against the Indians, and when the *Genizaros* captured an Indian family they would kill the husband and bring up the children under the influence of the church. When the Indians captured Mexican children, they followed the same practice.

One of the interesting stories told in Tomé, possibly fiction, is the one about Don Ignacio Baca who settled there about 1769. Don Ignacio decided that if he had a conference with the leader of the Indians, they might work out something to stop the raids and bring peace. Don Ignacio had a daughter, Maria, and the Indian chief had a son. The Indian suggested that the two young people marry. As a matter of expediency Don Ignacio agreed.

When the time came for the marriage, however, Don Ignancio just couldn't go through with the plan. He sent his daughter to another *hacienda* to stay with relatives and told the chief that Maria had died. The Indian father and son left Tomé sadly.

They learned a little later than Don Ignacio had lied. The warriors bided their time, and then returned to Tomé and killed every man they could find and carried off the Don's daughter. It has been told that the Spanish girl and the Indian youth married and had many children whose descendants bear the name of Baca. It is also claimed that turmoil boiled for more than a century in this small, quaint village, a turmoil which had no equal in New Mexico history.

NOW Tomé is quiet and peaceful. One steps into the past, feeling a serenity about the place that is seldom found elsewhere. Life centers about the old church. On Easter, Christmas and various Saints' days, statues from the church are carried in procession. During the Easter season homes are decorated with evergreens and fresh flowers from the gardens; paper flowers, festoons and candles are used in the winter months. The *hornos* are fired up and readied for a lamb roast, a big spicy stew, and fat round loaves of Indian bread. There are stacks of tortillas, bowls of *frijoles* and *chili*, quince candy and other good things.

When Marcellus Ball Edwards, who served under Doniphan, passed through Tomé, he wrote: "September 7, 1846. Camped near the little village of Tome. Tomorrow is a great day with the Mexicans. They are flocking in from every direction, riding in their carretas, . . . some in carriages, some on horseback, others walking, and others again on burros. 'Tis a most amusing spectacle to see a man and wife on one of these innocent creatures. . . . As they use no bridle on them, the lady is furnished with a cudgel, which she applies with considerable force to the side of the animal's head opposite the direction she wishes him to take.

"At night . . . they threw up skyrockets and all kinds of fireworks until about 8 o'clock, just before the moon had risen. There were long and constant uproarious shouts." Fiestas have long been a way of life in Tomé and other New Mexico villages.

A recent visit to Tomé revealed a placid, sleepy village with winding streets shaded with giant cottonwood trees and willows. Low adobe houses give it the look of a picture postcard of ancient Jerusalem. Birds sing ceaselessly. Gay flowers grow in yards and windows. On Sunday after Mass, a few people stroll at a leisurely pace down the unpaved streets.

The church, remodeled many times since its erection, stands in a grove of trees. There is a small *Campo Santo* at the side with numerous tombstones marking early graves. The largest and most pretentious is that of Dolores Chavez de Otero, born March 3, 1838; died February 19, 1877. Despite the fact

At left, the *Acequia Madre* (Mother Ditch) north of Belen and Tomé. On right, the dam at Isleta at present time.

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that some of the graves here are quite old someone remembers, for fresh flowers and paper flowers decorate most of the gravesites.

Tomé is an unforgettable place. A word that best describes the village is serenity—but what a price was paid for it.

ABIQUIU, the second New Mexico village to be settled by the *Genizaros*, was established before 1747. Father Stanley said of the area in and surrounding Abiquiu, "Always there were tears. If ever New Mexico had a *Valle de Lagrimas* this was the place."

If Tomé had troubles, Abiquiu fared worse. This was a place beset with constant fear. The thin, mournful wail of the flute could be heard in the still mountain air as the *Genizaros* herded their flocks of sheep on the piñon-wooded hills about the town. And there seemed to be a hopeless desperation as the echoing notes came from the flute.

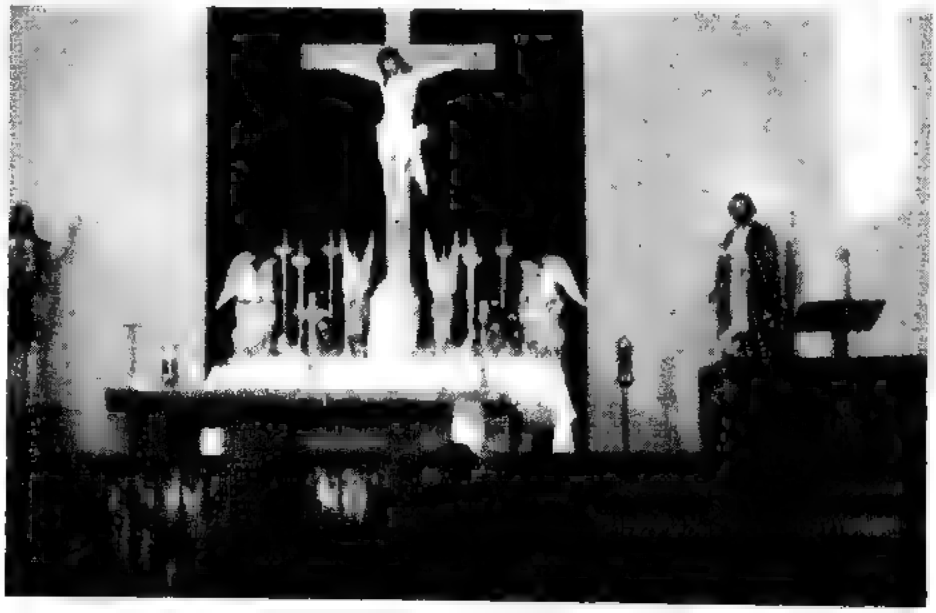
The Spaniards in the early years of conquest, 1598-1680, had but one desire—to become wealthy and then return to Spain to receive the acclaim of his King after giving him the gold and slaves from The Kingdom of New Mexico. One of the greediest of the gold-seekers was governor Luis de Rosas, governor of New Mexico in 1637. Rosas killed many Utes and in one campaign captured more than eighty slaves, some of which he sold to work in the dangerous mines at Parral. Others were put to work in factories, controlled by the governor, or on ranches or in New Mexico mines. Rosas at last became a political prisoner and was murdered in his quarters.

The Spaniards on one hand, and the Plains Indians on the other, were so ruthless that pueblo after pueblo became deserted. Fighting both the Spaniards and the warlike Indians was entirely too much for the peace-loving Pueblo Indians. Neither Pueblo Indian nor Spaniard knew where to turn for help. It was hoped that sending freed slaves to outlying villages would solve all the many complicated and challenging problems.

Abiquiu stands on the east side of the Chama River, about forty-five miles northwest of Santa Fe. Some historians believe that the old village is the site of the pueblo occupied by the Huque-Yunque. It was visited by Onate in the years shortly after his *entrada* in 1598; Coronado's men also visited this village.

Many prominent New Mexico families trace their origins to Abiquiu. The site was at one time inhabited by the Tehuan Indians, as indicated by pottery found there and traced to this tribe. The Spanish first settled it when Antonio Montoya, one of De Vargas' soldiers was given land there. Twenty families resided there in 1744, but after a band of Utes swept into the village and killed many of the settlers, the others returned to Santa Fe and La Canada.

WHEN the *Genizaros* were sent to the ruins of Abiquiu, the governor sent Moqui slaves and other displaced persons with them. Soldiers escorted them and told them they must remain there.



Above and below, the interior of the church at Tomé. Unsigned paintings from Mexico were brought here in the 18th century. The church was founded by Don Ignacio Baca in 1768.

They could not return to Santa Fe. A friar was sent along and a church was completed about 1754. The common effort of building it seemed to unify these unhappy people and give them new hope. Children were taught in the church; they learned to sing and to speak enough English to understand what the miners and mountain men were saying. As a reward for their efforts the children were served chocolate after mass, and this rare treat was savored to the last drop. During Indian raids the women and children slept in the church, secured by the thick walls and strong doors.

After it was decided that Indian raids were a thing of the past, Spanish families flocked to the town and soon outnumbered the *Genizaros* and *Mestizos*. However in 1770 the village was again abandoned after a devastating raid in which a number of women and children were carried off.

In the old church records from Abiquiu it will be noted that all the names are Spanish. Beside many of the names is the word "coyote" which denotes mixed blood. In 1800 there were more Spaniards than *Genizaros* at Abiquiu. By this time many of the *Genizaros* and Spanish citizens had intermarried and lost their identity.

In later years Abiquiu was an important trading post where travelers going to California outfitted before continuing their journey.

Then in 1850 Governor and Indian Agent James S. Calhoun concluded a treaty with the Utes and with it the

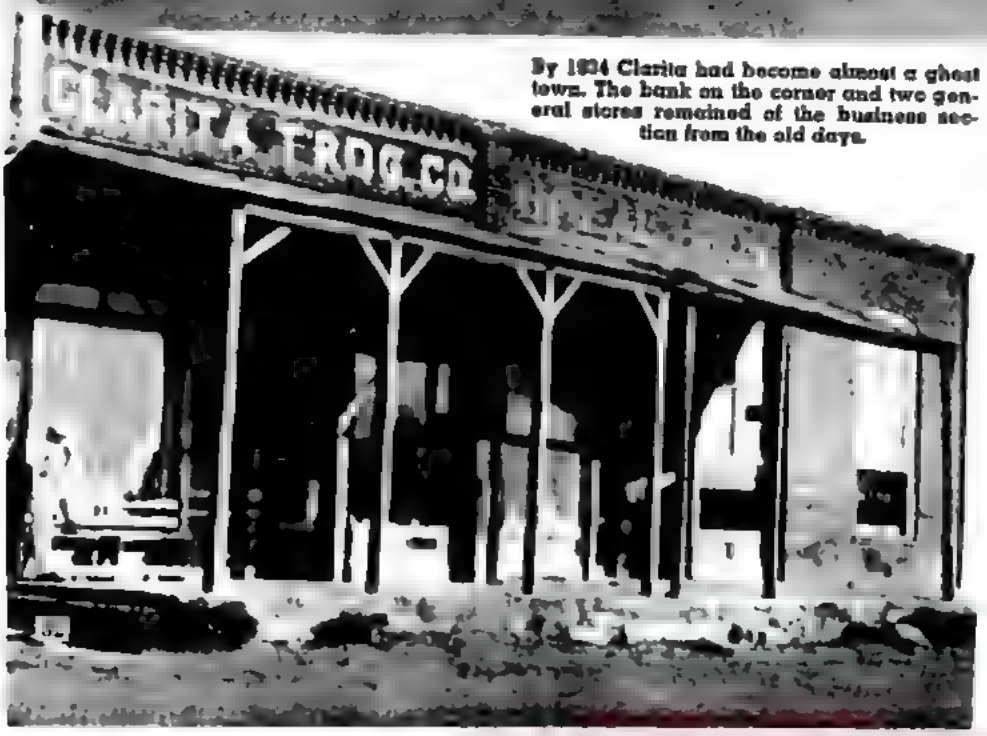
(Continued on page 67)

THE LIVERYBARN

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

—where a boy could get a "college education" if his ears were big enough!



By 1924 Clarita had become almost a ghost town. The bank on the corner and two general stores remained of the business section from the old days.

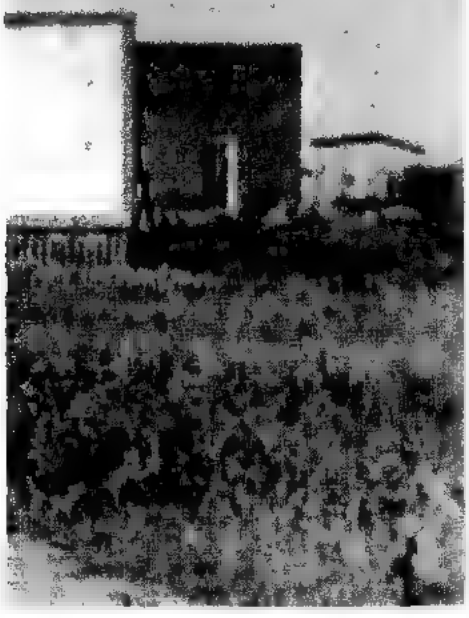
THE BUCKBOARD had hardly rolled out of town before the sour-faced, austere Mrs. Basket on the front seat said sternly, "Aren't you driving a little fast, young man?" Her two good-looking daughters, who were teenagers like me, sat on the rear seat with another woman, a family friend who was going home with them to visit a spell.

It was only natural that I'd want to impress the two girls who were as pretty as pink-fuzzed peaches, and this wouldn't be the first time a show-off created his own bad trouble.

Following Mrs. Basket's gripe, the team of spanking bays settled down to a steady gait. Soon we passed the Laut Duncum farm, approaching that of the

Above, the big barn on the ranch occupied a small hill. Below, the author, on right, with his younger brother. At bottom is his father who owned the liverybarn.

Clarita in 1932. On far right was the site of the liverybarn.



Bassets beyond. I was doing fine until a pack of barking dogs suddenly sprang out of some tall weeds beside the roadbed, straight at the legs of the horses. Trying to avoid the dogs the team jerked the rig sideways off the rutted country lane.

As it plunged wildly over a ditch, the women, holding onto the seats for their lives, began screaming till you could hear them a mile off. A wire fence taken down to get a thresher through had not been replaced, even after the grain field was plowed and harrowed, and we plunged into it, the wheels boiling fine, choking dust.

A high wind whipped the dust ahead of the horses and their heads were not visible; but knowing it was necessary to make a right turn, I finally sawed them around. A moment later at wild speed we cleared the dust cloud into a cornfield. The dogs added to the uproar while the rig knocked down rows of cornstalks. Then into the yard between the house and barn we hurtled, scattering squawking chickens and turkeys in every direction.

The team was brought to a stop next to the side yard fence. Sick-faced, Mrs. Basket jumped over the uncut wheel holding her skirts up. Landing on the ground she cried, "Where on earth are the——" and let out another screech before she fainted.

(Continued on page 47)

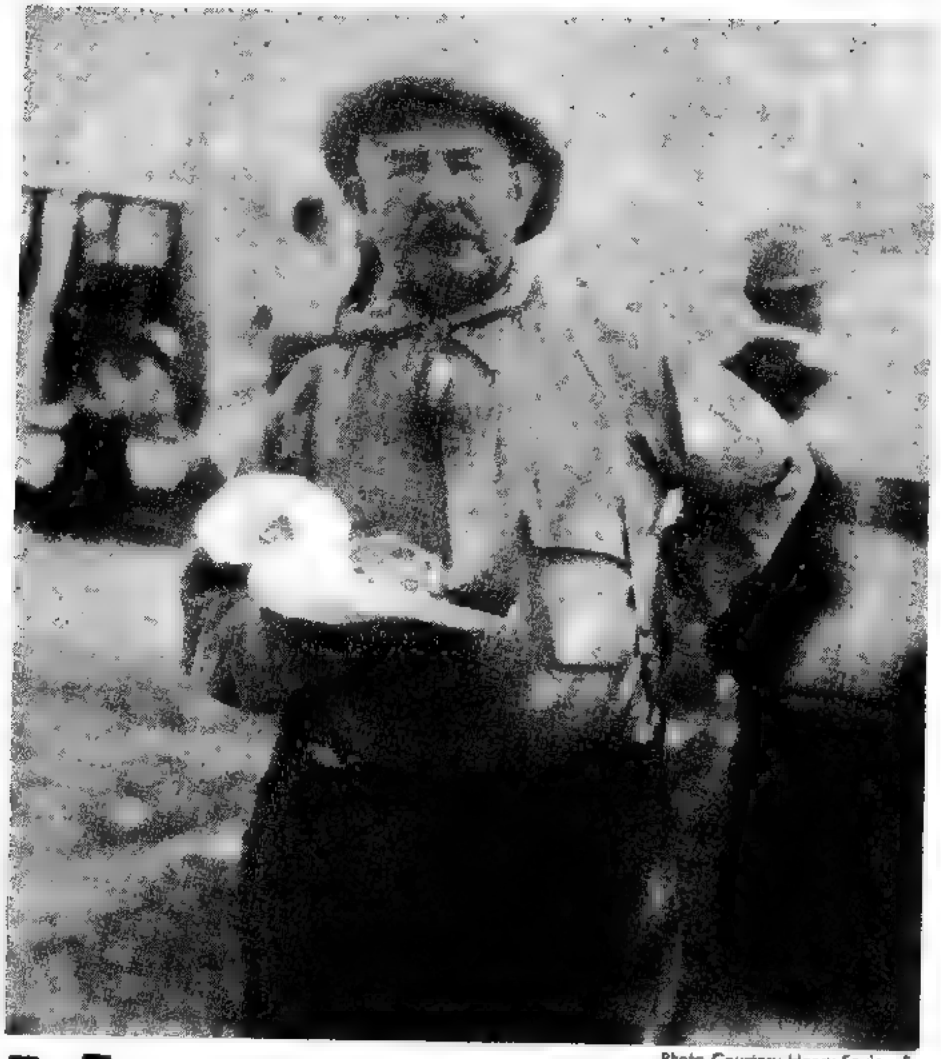
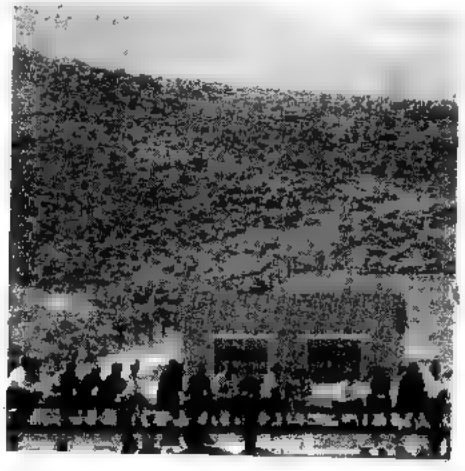


Photo Courtesy Henry Sayles, Sr

Plenty of good rodeo action has delighte



Meeteetse BARBEQUE

A gift of the past from the late -- and beloved -- Josh Deane

By CARL M. DUNRUD

Photos Courtesy Author

Top, left, the late Josh Deane was "chief engineer" of the annual Labor Day barbecue from its inception in 1912 until his death in 1930.

At left is the kind of action the rodeo has to offer.

ON LABOR DAY 1969, about 2,400 people flocked into the little town of Meeteetse, Wyoming, for the annual American Legion Barbecue and Rodeo. This get-together was started fifty-eight years ago by a venturesome young man, "Josh" Deane. Today there are no markers to his memory. Yet what could honor a man more than the tribute Josh receives every time his name is mentioned? First there is a smile. Then a warm twinkle in the eye. "Josh Deane? Sure I remem-

audiences year after year.

The small fry really go for the "money-throw" in front of the mercantile store.

West of the new rodeo grounds is the grave of Josh Deane.

ber him. There never was another person like him. You could never tell when he was lyin' or tellin' the truth."

John W. Deane was born in Texas but in 1872, at age fifteen, left home to head north with a cattle drive over the Chisholm Trail. When the cattle were sold, John decided to explore the rumors that a gold strike was going on in Atlantic City, Wyoming.

His journey was interrupted when he met some Cheyennes who took him prisoner and made him their unwilling guest for five months. John spent all his waking hours trying to figure out some means of escape, but had no luck until a trapper, Charles Smith, rescued him and took him to Atlantic City.

Soon the boy turned to bullwhacking—carrying freight and dispatches from Fort Washakie to Yellowstone. It was on one of these expeditions, from a summit in the Owl Creek Mountains, that John first got a view of the Big Horn Basin. He liked what he saw and later settled in Meeteetse. No mail service existed in the area, so in 1876 John started the first mail route from Fort Washakie to Stillwater, Montana, charging a flat rate for his service. Trappers and miners were his initial customers, and the cattlemen followed.

John often had encounters with Indians and it was somewhere along this route that the name "Josh" was tacked on him—this because the exploits in which he was an actual participant and those which came from a fertile imagination were equally fantastic. Both types were related with the straight-faced regard which a born yarn-spinner feels for his listeners.

Most always when death was staring Josh in the face, it was due to Indians who were hot on his trail. In one of his stories he kept his audience breathless while he related how the Indians had him cornered on Dean Butte, south of Cody (later named after Josh). At the point where his ammunition was exhausted and there was no means of escape, Josh would hesitate. "Well, go on, go on," his listeners would prod him. "How did you get out of it?" Josh would light his pipe and sadly admit, "The Indians got me that time."

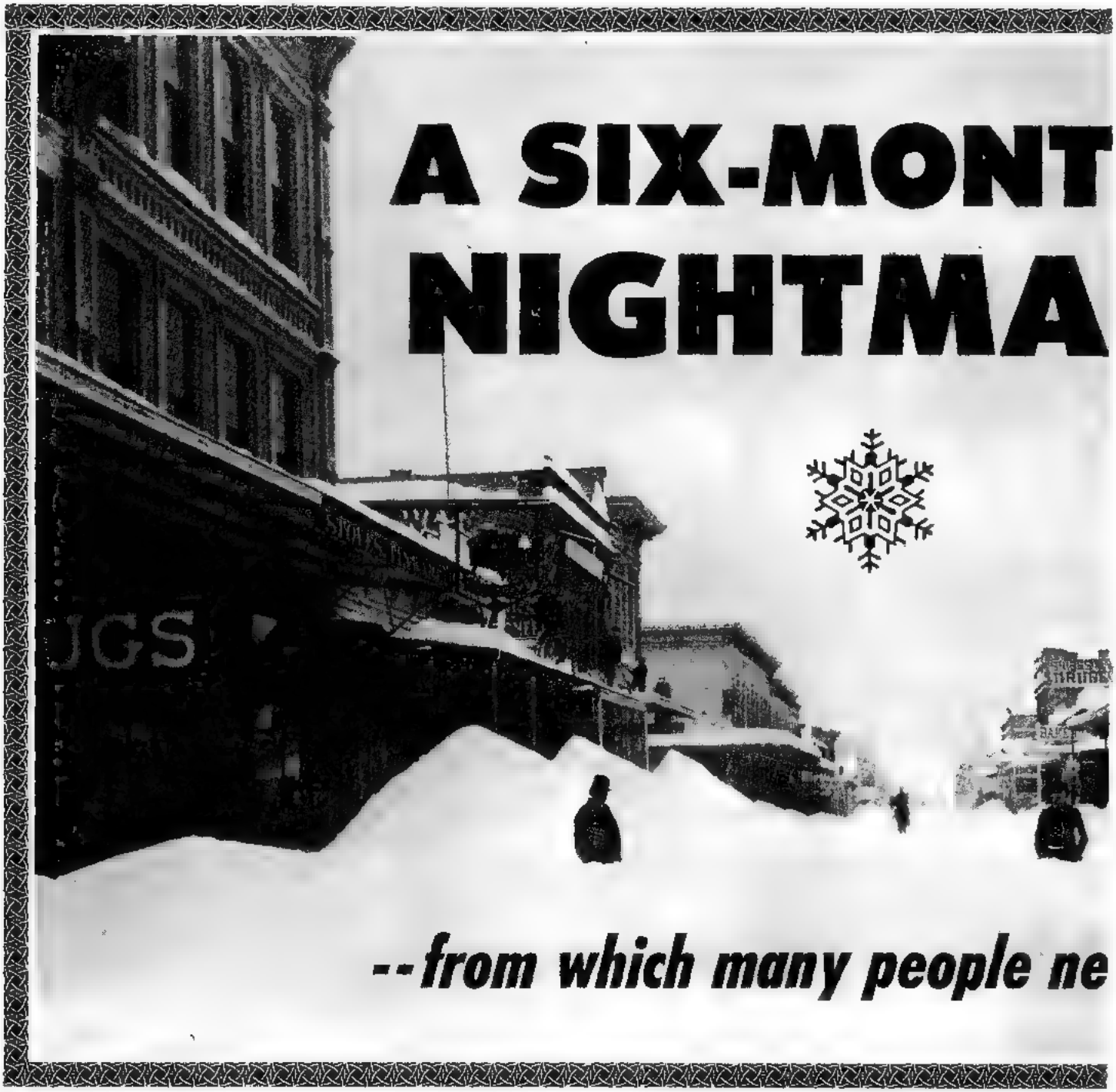
JOSH had learned to roast meat from the Indians and in 1912 he got the idea of having a barbecue in Meeteetse so that miners and ranchers could come to town for a rendezvous. And come they did, by saddle and packhorse, by wagon and on foot, and by fancy Studebaker buggies. Josh's friend, Col. William F. Cody, called Josh the world's best barbecuer.

Josh's method was to kill a large beef three days before the fire was started, leaving the hide in place, cutting off the front legs at the shoulders, the hind legs above the stifle joints, then closing the skin around these openings. Later the cleaned carcass was stuffed with hams and bacon and sewn up. Wool sacks which had been soaked in salt water for twenty-four hours were tied over the beef, and it was ready for the pit.

A hollow, four feet by eight feet by four deep, had to be prepared several days before the feed. The bottom of the pit was lined with boulders from Graybull River. A fire was then started and was kept going for one day and night to heat the boulders clean through. The ashes and coals were then scraped out, and the carcass slung over the hot rocks with a wire mesh. All of the ashes and dirt was shoveled back on top. For two days and nights the fire had to be watched, making sure that dead coals were removed and live coals substituted so the beef would be ready for Labor Day. Josh

(Continued on page 58)

A SIX-MONT NIGHTMA



--from which many people ne

The Dalles, Oregon in winter's grip back in 1885.

By DORIS E. CURDA

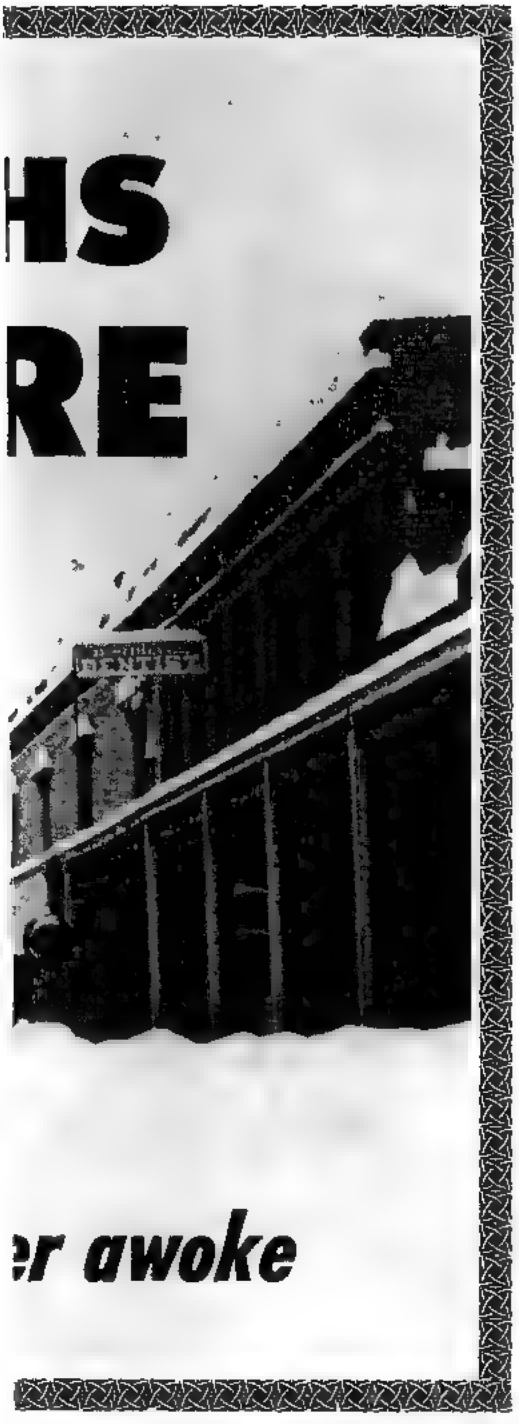
Photos Courtesy Author

DOZENS OF MINERS and ranchers in eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho died in remote gold camps and on isolated homesteads during the nightmare winter of 1861-62—men whose bodies were not recovered until their icy tombs melted under the April thaws. Hundreds more, who barely escaped death, carried physical or mental wounds for the rest of their lives.

Financial ruin was commonplace. Three days of terror in January succeeded in freezing the gold rush in its tracks and keeping it immobilized for two months. Among the nine gold hunters who perished were some who had entered through eastern Oregon and Washington during the summer and fall of 1861, drawn by the fabulous strikes in Idaho's Salmon River country.

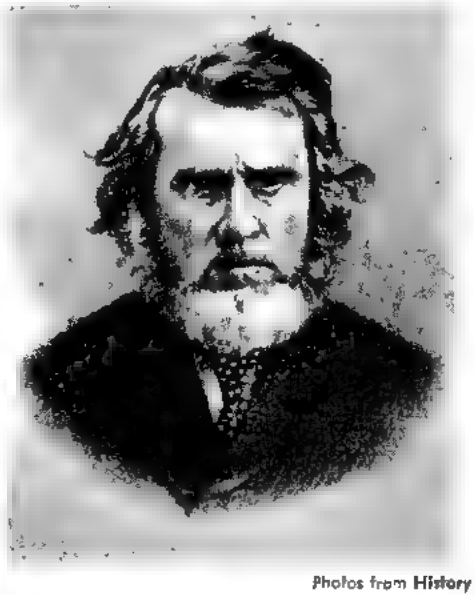
Lightning follows the path of least resistance, and the miners were no different. From the somewhat depleted California mines, from Oregon's fertile Willamette Valley and the Puget Sound country in Washington Territory, prospectors streamed into Portland and surged up the famed Columbia River to The Dalles, a frontier town huddled on the south shore of the river. Refreshed, they then rushed cross-country toward the southerly mines or followed the river north to Walla Walla for final provisions before fanning into the upper mines.

The Dalles was the hub of the gold rush. Its streets, sometimes muddy and sometimes frozen, depending on the whim of the winter, jarred the ears with noise. The creaking of freight wagons was mixed with the tinkling bells worn by packtrain lead mares; the deep-throated whistle of the steamboat from Portland rose above the laughter of liquored-up men in the town's many saloons. Along with the miners came herders driving



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society, Port and

The Columbia River, swollen by melting ice and snow overflowed its banks and flooded Front Street in The Dalles, Oregon. The winter of 1861-62 was a time of intense flooding.



Photos from History of the Pacific Northwest, Oregon and Idaho, Vol. 2, 1889

Mr. and Mrs. Fielden M. Thorpe of the Moksee Valley in Washington Territory. Mr. Thorpe used shovels and flails to break through ice-crusted snow so his animals could feed. He and another rancher, Charles Splawn, saved most of their herds during the killer winter of 1861-62.

sheep and cattle. And, too, there were the gaudy parasites of every boom town—the gunmen, thieves, gamblers and hurdy-gurdy girls.

As the throng fanned out toward the gold fields, many of those who may have turned to look back at the noisy little supply town would never see it again. For the dead do not talk or see.

IN DECEMBER, as the winter moved toward Christmas Day, nearly six inches of snow blanketed the hills above The Dalles. During November, the weather had toyed with the country, alternating snow with freezing rain, thaw and floods. In early December, the Columbia flooded and in its surge to the sea, diverted a half-million dollars' damage down one of its tributaries, the Willamette River. Winter's antics had already led one exasperated settler, Mrs. Anna F. Curtiss, to describe it as "freakish." Mrs. Curtiss made her observations from Washington's Klickitat Valley, situated across the Columbia and north of The Dalles.

Hundreds of starving wild and domestic animals roamed the countryside. When freezing rain fell on the snow, ice formed. The animals, unable to break through the crust to the grass below, succumbed to hunger or to loss of blood from slashes on their legs inflicted by the ice as they pawed vainly for food. So, despite the general lack of communication with the mining country, some of the December travelers must have heard that winter was already playing a serious game in Idaho's mountains. As early as November, Millersburg, site of the richest strike, was cut off by more than two feet of snow.

A few of the miners, disturbed by such wintry goings-on that early in the game, trudged the 100 miles to Oro Fino. They remained there for the winter, or else moved on to Lewiston, Walla Walla, The Dalles or Portland, carrying news of the bad weather. However, for most, the heat of gold fever melted fears about the snowbound mining country, and they continued eastward. On December 13, 1861, the Walla Walla *Statesman* reported that 225 pack animals, loaded with provisions, had left for the mines during the preceding week alone.

In apparent retaliation for this disregard on the part of the miners, the "killer winter" began in December to earn its name. In the Klickitat Valley

The Dalles in 1865. This small frontier town on the Columbia River was the hub of the gold rush of the 1860s.

across the Columbia from The Dalles, four feet of snow fell between December 25 and January 1. The next three days brought snow, sleet, rain and lightning. Valley settlers were understandably amazed when the sleet packed the snow so hard that pools of rainwater formed.

Then on January 4, 1862 a chinook—the famed warm winds of the Pacific Northwest—swept through part of the country, including the Klickitat Valley. Cattle owners, who were distraught at the recent rapid loss of their stock, went to bed that night cheered by the sounds of melting snow and ice. While they slept, however, the temperature plummeted, and for six weeks sulked between 14° and 30° below zero.

The chinook did not blow its welcome warmth on the eighteen inches of snow at The Dalles, where it was bitterly cold, and the townspeople regarded the Columbia apprehensively. The mighty water highway was blocked with ice. On the following day, January 5, the river was frozen solid and Indians walked from one shore to the other. When small boys weren't skating on the snow's icy crust, they walked out to a steamboat—the last from Portland—which was immobilized by the frozen river.

Neither did the chinook reach Walla Walla. On an isolated homestead, Mrs. Emma Funk had watched snow build up since Christmas around her new, hewn-log home. The little cabin grew so cold that Mrs. Funk had to walk the floor with her recently-born child to keep the baby warm. Outside the cabin snow soon towered to the top of the fence posts. Then came rain and a freeze, and Mrs. Funk said, "It was agonizing to the cattle, for their legs were cut and bleeding. No food could be reached by them and they died of starvation and cold." The Funks lost their entire herd and fought a valiant battle to save their own lives. This family's situation was repeated on lonely ranches on both sides of the Columbia, where in some places the ice had become between fifteen and twenty feet thick.

By January 11, many of the ranches were completely cut off. Up to forty inches of snow covered the level stretches. Wind whistled down the Columbia and over the treeless hills, sweeping the snow into almost impenetrable drifts and coating many with a sheath of ice. Unable to make their normal winter trips to The Dalles, Walla Walla and other supply points, the settlers rapidly depleted their fuel. They burned fence posts and furniture, but the meager fires offered little comfort against icy winds which penetrated the chinking between the logs of the cabin walls.

Root cellars which had been stocked the previous fall with apples, preserves and vegetables soon were emptied. Ultimately the settlers' only food was the remaining livestock.

Some of the ranchers, notably F. M. Thorp and Charles Splawn of Washington's Moksee Valley, fought to save their herds by breaking through the ice-covered snow with flails and shovels. But almost as soon as they had cleared an area more snow, followed by freezing rain, fell.

A fanciful view of the mining camps. During the winter of 1861-62 miners fought through snowdrifts, lived for weeks at a time on flour and snow water, or tea brewed from pine needles.

WHERE THE GOLD COMES FROM.

DESPITE the winter's viciousness during the early part of January, a trickle of men set out from The Dalles, disregarding the flying snow, knee-high drifts, and temperatures which congealed mercury in thermometers; but only the most foolhardy headed directly for the southerly mines.

Most turned toward Walla Walla, though if the travelers hoped for respite there, they were to be bitterly surprised. Temperatures hovered between 15° and 37° below zero. In the flimsy houses, some of them mere tents, people huddled around skimpy fires. Rails—which sold for an astronomical $60 a cord—and fence posts provided fuel, along with wood stolen at night from government property. Although trees lined the nearby streams, men going after the timber risked their lives.

Both fuel and food soon grew short,

(Continued on page 60)

...Z ORG.
TION PROHIBITED

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

a meal before going to his room and led the way to a restaurant a block from the rodeo office.

Caskey and Ballew were soon seated and a waiter took their order. For a few minutes the impatient Ballew remained quiet. Then he arose from his seat, drew his guns and informed Caskey, "You stay seated while I go back to the kitchen and tell the cook the way I want my grub prepared." With that he left Caskey and headed for the kitchen. Soon after this Ballew returned to the table and began a conversation with Caskey.

Bud Ballew was a big man with a voice which carried throughout the room. This proved annoying to the other guests so the proprietor went over and requested Ballew to please be more quiet. Ballew's hand flashed down and up; a six-gun stuck under the man's nose as Ballew rasped, "Get back to your cash register before I blow your head off!" The man hastened to obey.

Shortly following this event, Frank Gable and his wife Nan arrived and as Ballew was using language to which Nan objected, turning to Frank, she exclaimed, "Why don't you go over and slap that bum in the jaw?"

"What's the matter, Nan? You getting tired of me? That's Bud Ballew. He's killed enough men to fill his own 'boot hill'."

They finished their meal in silence and soon after that Frank paid the bill at the desk. Nan, however, remarked to the proprietor, "You have a nice place if you would only keep such riff-raff out of here."

Caskey and Ballew left a short time later headed for the rodeo office. Foghorn Clancy left his desk as they entered and met them, greeting Ballew with, "How are you, Bud?"

"All right, Clancy," replied Ballew, "but I'm awful drunk."

Caskey then went into the back room which had been made into a lounge for the cowboys. Soon the loud laughter of Ballew filled the air as he joined in telling stories in good humor. As it was almost time for Clancy to get out to the rodeo grounds, he and his wife left the office to get a bite of lunch. To save time they sat at the lunch counter and ordered sandwiches. Their lunch over, they started back to the office.

According to Clancy, "As we turned the corner, I saw a large crowd down the street in front of a speakeasy. The first man I met I asked what had happened. 'Chief McCormack just killed Bud Ballew!' was his answer."

The restaurant owner who had had trouble with Ballew had called police headquarters as soon as Caskey and Ballew left his place. McCormack was out to lunch at the time and upon his return he found the message, along with several other complaints listed on the station blotter. Two of his police officers were ready to depart, and McCormack inquired as to where they were going.

"To get Ballew," he was informed.

"Wait a minute, men, and I will go along with you." Then he added, "Boys, this Ballew is a bad man, but we will treat him just as good as he will let us. Let me take the lead."

Within minutes the trio of police reached their destination and McCormack issued an order: "I will face Ballew, while you men spread out and cover me."

McCormack then led the way into the speakeasy. At the pine counter, with his back to the door, stood the man they sought. McCormack walked around in front of him and placed his left hand upon the pugnacious redhead's right shoulder.

"Ballew," he said, "you are under arrest. Put up your hands and let me have your guns."

Ballew replied drunkenly, "You are out of luck!"

With this remark he made a swift grab for his gun. There was no time for argument and the only course was to beat Ballew to the draw. McCormack sent three slugs from his automatic into the man's body. Ballew slumped to the floor before he could draw his gun.

Thus passed the man who had, during his dangerous career, killed a number of men in the line of duty—a good peace officer, but one who never hesitated to use his gun and had always been able to escape the consequences. Bud Ballew had hundreds of friends and perhaps as many enemies. When sober he was a congenial companion, but when intoxicated he was unpredictable.

J. W. McCormack was a brave officer, a man who would never ask one of his men to take any risk which he would not take himself, and for that reason he felt that the two men who were about to attempt to arrest Ballew hadn't enough experience when confronted by as dangerous a gunman as Ballew. McCormack was not a killer by choice, but Ballew left him no choice. It was a case of kill or be killed, and the officer proved to be the faster man.

This should clear up any mystery as to what happened that day in 1922 when Bud Ballew attempted to defy the law in Wichita Falls, Texas. As far as I am aware, all those who took part in the affair have all crossed the Big Canyon.—E. M. Dickey ("Nevada Dick"), Route 1, Box 73, Silver Springs, Florida 32688

Anti-Horse Thief Association

I wanted to take this opportunity to tell you that I have been a subscriber to TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST for quite a few years and have enjoyed all of them. I'm a little behind in writing, but on page sixty-eight of the August 1968 issue of TRUE WEST, in the article about Pleasant Valley and Cowboy Flat, an organization by the name of Anti-Horse Thief Association is mentioned. I'm wondering if any of your readers can fill me in on some

(Continued on page 54)

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Wild Old Days!

WESTERN ODDS ABOUT ENDS
By S. Omar Barker

Widest horn-spread on the front end of a Texas steer is believed to have been nine feet, the horn tips eight feet from the ground when their wearer, named Champion, stood erect with his head up.

On the average a horse can pull about one fourth as heavy a load tied to his tail as he can with harness tugs.

The *lobo* (gray or timber wolf) usually holds his head high when running hard. The coyote (prairie wolf) runs with his head straight out in front.

Beavers slap their scaly, flat, hairless tails on the water as a signal of alarm.

American cowboys throw steers by twisting their horns (bulldogging). Mexican *charros* fling 'em flat by grabbing their tails, a stunt called *la coleada*.

Skunks can't squirt their perfume without raising their tails.

Horses get up front end first, cows hind end first.

A buffalo's head is proportionately almost twice as big as a cow's, the tail hardly half as long.

The tail length of a mountain lion (cougar) is about three-fifths of the length of the rest of him.

In dehorning cattle, horns must be sawed off close to the head where they bleed freely or the horns will continue to grow.

Mule deer tails are round with a black tuft on the end. Red, Virginia or white-tail deer tails are bushy flat and taper to a point.

The wrinkles around a steer's horns aren't from his worrying over being a steer, because the horns of bulls and cows have 'em also. They indicate the animal's age.

Both cows and horses switch tails at flies, but horses scratch where it itches with their teeth, cows with their rough tongues.

Kit Carson's mountain men preferred roast beaver-tail to ox-tail soup.

Bangtails are racehorses, but cowboys used to call wild mustangs broomtails.

The mouth of a canyon is at the opposite end from its head.

Prairie dogs can't "bark" or whistle (at least they don't) without flicking their tails. Ditto chipmunks.

Cattle normally turn tail to a blizzard. Horses often drift facing it.

The shortest tail on any western wild animal, in proportion to size, is Old Man Bruin's.

Famous Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos is said to have been so named from the many skulls of horses that died from drinking too much of the river's alkali water—mostly horses stolen from Mexico by Apaches and driven too hard.

Cattle stung by bees, pestered by heel flies, and sometimes when otherwise frightened, run with their tails looped high in the air like a figure nine.

INDIAN ROAD TO ELYSIUM
By E. H. Brewington

THE sound of the buffalo herd is stilled. The embers of the dying Indian campfire have long since turned to ashes. The long bow hangs on the wall.

Generations of Oklahoma Indians have long walked the "white man's road." Today they are in all levels of society. The customs of another day and another time are usually only memories.

When the spectre of death walks, however, some of the older Indians return to the customs of their fore-fathers. Nestled in the hills of the old Chickasaw Nation, usually far off the well-trodden trail, are almost hidden Indian cemetaries. Here may be seen many neatly constructed, small huts, protecting the graves of loved ones from the elements. Some of these huts are of hewn logs, with the covering made from hand-riven shingles. Others are built of sawed lumber, covered perhaps with shingles or sheet-iron, or sometimes a thatched roof.

These shown in the photographs are located near the line between the old Chickasaw Indian Nation and the Choctaw Nation, in what was formerly Pontotoc County. This is a score of miles east of present day Ada.

Wherever they are located, and whatever the manner of their construction, these labors of love represent to the Chickasaw or the Choctaw or the Creek a gossamer thin tie between the memories and the glories of a nostalgic yesterday, and the hopes and dreams of a better tomorrow.

Grave coverings found in the hills of the old Chickasaw Nation prove that some of the ancient Indian traditions are still followed.

DIAMOND OF THE PLAINS

By Ann Hall

MANY PLACES on the Santa Fe Trail became famous during the early nineteenth century but none was as talked about as Diamond Springs—called The Diamond of the Plains—located in the southwestern part of Morris County, Kansas.

On their survey to obtain the right of way for a road from the Missouri River to Santa Fe, United States commissioners met with the chiefs of the Great and Little Osage Indians under the famous "Council Oak" which later became known as Council Grove, Kansas, on August 10, 1825. A treaty was made and $500 in gold was paid, plus $300 in merchandise, for the right of way over the plains.

The next day, traveling southwestward over the already worn trail, the commissioners reached The Diamond of the Plains on the headwaters of what was then called Otter Creek. Later Major George Silbey wrote about their stay there in *The Western Journal:*

"This treasure was, in fact, discovered by Old Ben Jones, a hunter of our first party, on the 11th day of August, 1825. The spring gushes out from the head of a hollow in the prairie, and runs boldly among the stones into Otter creek, a short distance. It is very large, perfectly accessible and furnishes the greatest abundance of most excellent, clear, cold water—enough to supply an army. There is a fountain, inferior to this in the Arabian Desert, known as 'The Diamond of the Desert.' This magnificent spring may, with at least equal propriety be called, 'The Diamond of the Plains.' We found it a most excellent camping place. A fine elm tree grows near to and overhangs the spring.

"On the 10th and 11th of June, 1827, I encamped here with my party. During our stay I made requisition of Big John Walker and his carving implements once more to inscribe on the stooping elm, 'Diamond of the Plain,' which was promptly done. The tree has since been cut away, I believe. The fountain is now generally known as 'Diamond Springs.'

April 1st, 1839 (Signed)
Geo. C. Sibley"

Diamond Springs site was at the clump of trees at left center (see arrow).

AS traffic increased along the famous trail, it became a well-known stage and supply station. Large two-story stone buildings and a stone corral were constructed by Waldo Hall and Company, who in 1840 obtained a contract from the government to carry the mail from the Missouri River to Santa Fe, a distance of about 800 miles.

During frontier days, Diamond Springs was often the scene of tragedy. Blinded by snowstorms, caravans of ox-drawn wagons often ran off the trail and headed for a ravine two miles east of the springs near Dodds Creek, a tributary of Diamond Creek, where they piled upon each other in this deep gorge.

In the fall of 1852 a troop of United States cavalry, camping on the higher ground east of the springs, was surrounded by Indians and their camp almost destroyed by a prairie fire which

(Continued on page 60)

A caravan on the Santa Fe Trail. From Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies.*

Prince of Packers

(Continued from page 25)

hours from Rawlins to the trenches on Milk Creek, was record-breaking in army annals.

BORN in St. Louis, Missouri on December 10, 1832, Tom Moore crossed the western plains in 1850 to join the California gold rush. For a time he tried placer mining in California and in the Fraser River country, but had no luck. He then went up into Idaho where new discoveries were being made. There he was exceedingly successful running mule pack trains to the Salmon River mines. Later he may have been the Tom Moore who was injured driving a stagecoach between Georgetown and Denver, Colorado in 1868.

In 1871, Moore entered government service as a packer under General George Crook, newly appointed Commander of the Department of Arizona. For the next four years, while on the trail of the mercurial Apaches, Moore was at the general's side. Both Crook and Moore knew from previous experience that effective pursuit over rocky, thickly wooded, or vast desert lands could be carried out only with the aid of pack trains.

General Crook developed the use of pack trains into a science. He selected pack masters who had had the widest experience and were by nature best adapted to the work they would be called upon to perform. Tom Moore headed his list.

According to Lt. John G. Bourke, aide-de-camp to General Crook, in *On The Border With Crook:* "The 'aparajos' or pack cushions, formerly issued by the quartermaster's department, had been burlesques, and killed more mules than they helped in carrying loads. Crook insisted upon having an 'aparejo' made especially for each animal, saying that it was just as ridiculous to expect a mule to carry a burden with an ill-fitting 'aparejo' as it would be to expect a soldier to march comfortably with a knapsack which did not fit squarely to his back and shoulders. There was placed upon each mule a small cloth extending from the withers to the loins called the 'suadera' or sweat-cloth. Then came, according to the case, two or three saddle blankets, then the 'aparejo' itself—a large mattress stuffed with hay or straw weighing between 55 and 65 pounds, and of such dimensions as to receive and distribute to best advantage all over the mule's back the burden to be carried.

"Every article used in these pack trains had to be of the best materials, for the very excellent reason that while out on scout, it was impossible to replace anything broken and a column might be embarrassed by the failure of a train to arrive with ammunition or rations.

"The old mules of a train know their business perfectly well. They need no one to show them where their place is when the evening's 'feed' is to be apportioned on the canvas and in every way deport themselves as sedate, prim, well-behaved members of society from whom all vestiges of the frivolities of youth have been eradicated. They never wander from the sound of the bell, and give no trouble to the packers 'on herd.' But a far different story must be told of the inexperienced, skittish young mule, fresh from the blue grass of Missouri or Nebraska. He is the source of more profanity than he is worth, and were it not that the recording Angel understands the aggravation in the case, he would have his hands full in entering all the 'cuss words' to which the green pack mule has given rise. He will not mind the bell, will wander away from his comrades on herd and in sundry and divers ways demonstrates the perversity of his nature. To contravene his maliciousness, it is necessary to mark him in such a manner that every packer will see at a glance that he is a new arrival, and thereupon drive him back to his proper place in his own herd. The most certain, as it is the most convenient way to effect this, is by neatly roaching his mane and shaving his tail so that nothing is left but a pencil or tassel of hair at the extreme end. He is now known as a 'shave-tail' and everybody can recognize him at first sight. His sedate and well-trained comrade is called a 'bell-sharp.'

"These terms, in frontier sarcasm, have been transferred to officers of the army who, in the parlance of the packers, are known as 'bell-sharps' and 'shave-tails,' respectively, the former being the old captain or field officer, who knows too much to be wasting his energies in needless excursions about the country, and the latter, the youngster fresh from West Point, who fondly imagines he knows it all. He is a 'shave-tail'—all elegance of uniform, spick-span new, well groomed, and without sense enough to come in for 'feed' when the bell rings. . . ."

General Crook kept himself posted as to what was done to every mule. He spent from one to two hours in personal inspection of the pack trains every day.

TOM MOORE figured prominently in the campaigns with Crook in Arizona and in New Mexico in the 1870s and 1880s. He was with General O. O. Howard in the Nez Perce war; with General Nelson P. Miles against the Bannocks in Idaho and Utah; with General Crook in his three campaigns against the Sioux in 1876-77, including the battle at Slim Buttes with Anson Mills. He also was with General Merritt at Milk Creek in 1879; in the Wounded Knee Fight in 1890; and in the affair in restraint of the Bannocks in Jackson Hole in 1895.

No complete story of Tom Moore's life has been written, but chroniclers of the Indian campaigns often refer to Moore. Though disconnected and perhaps not in chronological order the following incidents taken from the writings of Lieutenant John G. Bourke, John Finerty, General George Crook, Lieutenant Charles King, General Hugh L. Scott and others will give glimpses into the strenuous days of this sturdy frontiersman, "Mister" Thomas Moore. In his later years his friends called him "Colonel." Also, having been initiated into the Masonic Lodge in Cheyenne, Wyoming in 1877, and having received the Knight Templar Degree, April 25, 1879, he was known at the time of his death as "Sir Knight" Moore.

Tom Moore's first expedition under Crook was a "practice march" leaving Tucson, Arizona Territory, the morning of July 11, 1871, where the heat before ten o'clock reached 110° in the shade. The object of this march was to give the officers and men an opportunity to

The indispensable pack mule, from *Outing—An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Sport, Travel and Recreation*, Vol. 27, No. 3, Dec., 1895.

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get acquainted and to familiarize them with the country. Crook led his men 110 miles east to old Fort Bowie, thence north through the mountains to Camp Apache, thence across unmapped regions over and at the base of the great Mogollon Range to Camp Verde and Prescott on the west.

On this expedition, Moore's pack trains ran into a band of seven bears in the Aravapai Canyon which scared the mules almost out of their senses. The packers, however, made short work of five of the brutes and wounded the other two which escaped over the rocks.

In the evenings the general took a seat close to the campfire of the packers, and listened to their tales of early mining days in California or up in British Columbia. He most often sat with Tom Moore, Jim O'Neill, "Hank 'n Yank," Charlie Hopkins, Jack Long and Long Jim Cook. All of these packers were Forty-niners who had endured unbelievable privations and dangers. Moore especially enjoyed reminiscing and now and then burst into songs of his own composition.

Crook, with an Indian guide, often left the command and an hour or two later would send up a slender smoke signal to inform Moore to send up the pack train after bear meat or venison for the camp.

One afternoon as the general was riding five abreast with Tom Moore and three officers, they suddenly were met with a shower of arrows from a band of Apaches who had been hiding in the rocks. The general immediately took aim and fired, hitting one of the Indians. The others vanished over the cliff. He then conferred with Archie MacIntosh, the guide, while Tom Moore mapped out a plan which took them safely to their destination.

Later, word reached Crook's headquarters that the Indians at Camp Date Creek planned to murder the general when he went there for a conference. Crook decided to make an early surprise visit. But instead of taking a military escort with him, he chose Tom Moore and a dozen or more of the packers who were armed with revolvers on full cock and knives ready for instant use.

The talk with the Indians seemed to be going all right when suddenly one of them raised his carbine and fired at the general. Lieutenant Ross, an aide-de-camp, struck the Indian's arm and deflected the shot. The melee which followed was said by John Bourke to have been a "perfect Kil Kenny fight." The packers made quick work of the Indians, killing or wounding several.

WHEN, after more than three strenuous years of campaigning against the Apaches, General Crook left Arizona to take over the Department of the Platte with headquarters in Omaha, Tom Moore and his highly efficient pack trains were brought up from the south to Camp Carlin in Wyoming. From that time on, for a quarter of a century, Moore made his home at Camp Carlin on the north bank of Crow Creek, one mile from Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne.

Camp Carlin (Cheyenne Depot), established in 1867, was a supply center for twelve western army posts, some of them 400 miles distant. It was the second largest depot in the United States Army, comprising sixteen large warehouses built along a Union Pacific railway siding so that freight cars could be unloaded on the platforms. There were deep cellars for the storage of vegetables and other supplies which might be damaged by frost. There also were blacksmith shops, wheelwright shops, carpenter shops, saddle and harness shops, sales stores, cook and bunk houses, wagon sheds, stables and corrals. One hundred wagon and five pack trains operated from this depot in its early days. In the corrals there were never less than 1,000 mules. Nearly 500 men, teamsters, packers, artisans and laborers were employed here. (Today the site of the old camp is a part of Warren Air Force Base.)

In the event of trouble with Indians anywhere, Tom Moore was among the first to take the field with the pack trains. He was sent out not only because of his skill and experience with transportation problems but because of his intimate knowledge of Indians and Indian warfare and his unquestioned bravery and discretion in times of peril.

Tom Moore was chief packer in charge

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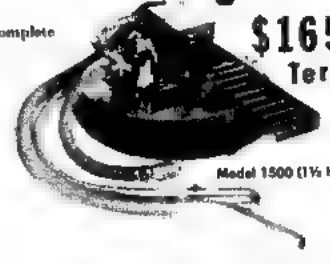

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of five trains and sixty-two employees on Crook's first campaign against the Sioux early in 1876. The general went as department commander, with Colonel J. J. Reynolds in direct command of the troops. After Reynolds' attack on a large Indian village on Powder River, and the subsequent recapturing of their ponies by the Indians, the expedition returned to Fort Fetterman.

This expedition traversed some extremely rugged country near Powder River in which there were many "draws" or "coulees." According to Lieutenant Bourke the mules of the train showed exceptional intelligence in getting down the icy slopes leading to the bottom of the ravines. They would hold their hind feet close together and slide down while the loads on their backs remained secure. After such performances there was much arguing among the packers as to which pet mule had the most savvy.

When Crook's column of ten companies of cavalry left Fort Fetterman on May 29 on the so-called Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition, approximately 300 mules were used, and Tom Moore again was made chief of pack trains.

On this expedition Moore organized about twenty of the packers into a band of sharpshooters. They were described as "near to being a dead shot as men get to be on the frontier." When an Indian attack was imminent on the Rosebud in Montana, Moore and his men were ordered to get into the shelf rocks about 400 yards in front of the command and to pick off as many of the hostile chiefs as possible.

In his book *Warpath and Bivouac*, John Finerty wrote that Moore was "as bold a frontiersman as ever looked at an enemy through the sight of his rifle. . . . Moore worried the Indians so much that they tried to cut off him and his magnificent band. It was one of the ridiculous episodes of the day to watch those well meaning young warriors charging at full speed across the open space commanded by Moore's position. . . . Beyond taking an extra chew of tobacco I do not remember that any of the party did anything to show that he cared a continental whether the enemy came or stayed. When those deadly rifles, sighted by men who had no idea what the word 'nerves' meant, belched their storm of lead in among the braves and their ponies, it did not take more than seven seconds for the former to conclude that home, sweet home was a good enough place for them."

After the fight Tom Moore and his men were very efficient in making travois for transporting wounded troopers.

THE MONOTONY of daily camp life, while waiting for the command to move on down the Tongue Valley, was broken by the packers who had footraces and mule races (with stakes running into thousands of dollars on "jawbone"). On one mule race about $5.00 changed hands in 10c bets.

Never were the packers too tired or wet or hungry to "stuff" a greenhorn. A reporter for the New York *Graphic* who was especially green had difficulty fitting into any of the groups. When he finally gravitated to the packers they took great delight in telling him wild tales of Indian atrocities. When he doubted the stories they would say, "Oh, that hain't nawthin' to what I've seed 'em do."

It was the packers who located the finest pools for trout fishing. There was great rivalry among the men and officers in making catches. Some 15,000 trout were brought into camp within three weeks, while waiting for other commands to come in.

One night when the camp had settled down for the night, Tom Moore invited Hartsuff, Stanton, Bubb, Wasson, Strahorn, Schuyler, and Bourke to a feast of hot bacon and beans. Since rations had become quite short, this occasion made a vivid impression on Bourke who said, "The beans were cooked to a turn; there was plenty of hardtack and coffee, with a small quantity of sugar; each knew the other, there was much to talk about, and in the light and genial warmth of the fire, with stomachs filled, we passed a delightful time until morning had almost dawned."

Crook's march from the Yellowstone to the Black Hills presented one problem after another. After having followed the Indian trails without being able to engage the hostiles, the general

Camp Carlin, Wyoming about 1880. It was the second largest depot in the U.S. Army at the time.
Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

Early Rawlins, Wyoming. It was from here that an urgent request for help was telegraphed by Captain Payne's messenger.

realized the desperate situation which had developed so far from the base of supplies. His men were ragged, starving, rain-drenched and forced to eat horse meat. He ordered Lieutenant Bubb forward to get supplies from the first available settlement.

Bubb took fifty picked mules and sixteen packers under Tom Moore. The escort of 150 picked men from the Third Cavalry, mounted on the strongest animals, was under command of Colonel Anson Mills.

In the Battle of Slim Buttes on September 9, where the little advance command met and fatally wounded American Horse and his warriors, Tom Moore's sharpshooters gave a splendid account of themselves. From items found in the Indian village it was certain that these Indians had taken part in the Custer massacre or had been in touch with warriors who had been there.

It has been said that the severity of the march which Mills and his men made from Heart River to Deadwood has never been approached by any column of our army of the same size fighting in the West.

Supplies were obtained in Deadwood and the campaign ended in October. In the winter campaign which followed a month or so after the so-called "starvation" march, Tom Moore, Dave Mears and other packers went north with Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie's column which numbered more than 1,800 army men, scouts, and interpreters. Supplies were carried on 400 pack mules, attended by 65 packers. In addition there were 168 wagons and 7 ambulances. The capture and destruction of Dull Knife's Village by Mackenzie which followed, is well known to history.

In January, 1877, Crook's headquarters became temporarily transferred to Camp Robinson near the Red Cloud Agency. Soon after the troops arrived there, Thomas Moore, chief of transportation, was busy teaching the Sioux squaws how to make bread out of the flour issued to them, which before had been wasted, fed to their ponies, or traded at the sutler's store. Watching the baking lesson were chiefs and braves who had been on the warpath against the government for many moons.

In addition to the various Indian campaigns in which Tom Moore took part, he was with General Crook's party which escorted Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior, a number of army officers, Webb Hayes, son of the President, and others on an extended tour through Yellowstone Park in 1880. Moore moved seventeen pack mules with provisions and equipment and seven army wagons from Deer Creek, Montana where the party left the Utah and Northern Railway, to and through the park. Park Superintendent Philetus W. Norris and Government Forester Harry Yount met them in the valley of Henry Fork.

WHEN CROOK was sent back to Arizona in 1883 to subdue the Chiricahuas, Tom Moore preceded him with the pack trains. And later he was present when the general talked with Geronimo. The campaign up and down canyons and along treacherous trails even down into northern Mexico was filled with danger and physical hardships. Some of the trails were so steep that the pack mules lost their footing and were hurled to their deaths on the rocky slopes below.

In summing up the second Arizona campaign of Crook, Bourke gave high praise to many officers and men, including Tom Moore. He said that the names of "these men and many other scouts, guides and packers of that onerous, dangerous and crushing campaign, should be inscribed on the brightest page in the annals of Arizona, and locked up in her archives that future generations might do them honor."

Although there was no fighting on the part of the military sent to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, in the summer of 1895 by Brig. General J. J. Coppinger, commanding the Department of the Platte, the expedition was a strenuous one in unsettled country. The military was sent in to restore peace between the settlers of the Hole and parties of Bannocks and Shoshones who claimed the right to hunt under provisions of the treaty of 1868. It was said that the exposure and hardship of that field expedition impaired Tom Moore's health. He was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage on May 17, 1896, and died that evening at his home in Camp Carlin.

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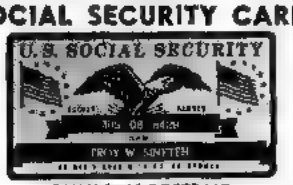

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Thomas Moore married twice. At the time of his death he was survived by a fourteen-year-old daughter and his second wife, Emilie. A sister also survived him, the notorious Mrs. Carry Nation. Henry W. Daly, one of Moore's sharpshooting packers, wrote an article for the *American Legion Magazine*, April, 1927, in which he said that Tom Moore introduced Mrs. Daly and himself to Mrs. Nation when she visited Camp Carlin in 1889. That was prior to Mrs. Nation's smashing rampages. Brother and sister, Daly stated, seemed very fond of each other.

The funeral of Tom Moore, held in St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Cheyenne, Wyoming, was attended by all of the Camp Carlin packers and many of the officers and enlisted men at Fort D. A. Russell, in addition to members of the Masonic Lodge in Cheyenne and many friends. The funeral was said to have been the largest one held in Wyoming's capital up to that time.

As Thomas Moore was laid to rest there could be heard in the distance a cavalry trumpet keening farewell.

Making a "Man" of Roosevelt

(Continued from page 11)

learned in what Roosevelt termed "the great Viking days of the Old West."

That the boy who had run away from home and whose life had shown so little promise finally found himself caught up in public service was due, according to Willis, to the brilliant little man who used to remind him: "John, you have run roughshod through this great world for quite a while, but I can tell you that there is no greater fallacy on earth than the one expressed in the saying that might makes right."

Waltrine then took up the story about when John was sent to Washington, D.C., as a special delegate to try to get an interview with the President regarding a reclamation project for Montana. He got the interview without any trouble and Roosevelt invited him and Mrs. Willis to the White House for dinner.

"John just absolutely refused to go," Waltrine wailed. "He told the President that he didn't have a dress suit and that he knew what was proper and that he could not come."

Roosevelt was not going to let such a matter stand in the way and he pressed the invitation again, saying, "You'd be welcome at my table in buckskin, John," but no amount of persuasion did any good. It was just too much for the Westerner and, besides, he had a job to do for the folks at home and he was really working at it. Within two days he managed to get a special letter from the President to Congress, and irrigation for the Milk River Valley in Montana was assured.

"Now that took quite a little work on my part," Willis said defensively.

"I surely wanted to go," said Waltrine pensively. "Teddy didn't ever stand on ceremony with us that I can remember, and I couldn't see why John had to get so polite all of a sudden. We did get to go later on but I was awfully put out that time."

Then Waltrine told about when they were living on the Big Dry, south of the Missouri, and were all excited because Roosevelt was coming to dinner. She had taken her one linen tablecloth and her china cups from her trunk for the occasion and had spent hours preparing a fried chicken dinner. It had rained the night before and the sod house roof had leaked. She managed to clean up the drips from her freshly scrubbed floor, but sod houses have a way of leaking long after the rain is over. They had just sat down to dinner and Roosevelt had flashed a toothy smile of anticipation, when a stream of muddy water came down squarely in the center of the table.

"I cried then," Waltrine remembered, "and I could cry yet when I think about it."

IN the following years the friendship between Roosevelt and John Willis deepened and they spent many hours in Montana and at the Roosevelt home, in Oyster Bay. Incidents which happened on their first trip together were often the topic of conversation.

Roosevelt had carried along some camera plates he always changed in his tent at night. Willis finally asked him why he always changed them when it was so dark.

"I'm afraid to change them in daylight," said Roosevelt.

"Hell, give 'em to me," said Willis. "I ain't afraid to change 'em," and then he packed them on a mule which fell and broke every one of them.

After the death of Theodore Roosevelt, his old friend and guide sadly told about many of the things he had learned from their long association.

"Sometimes he talked to me about honesty until I would get so sick of it that I could hardly listen to him, and then I would find out that he was right. He taught me that there was only one way to go in this world in order to get the best out of life and not cheat myself. He really knew a lot about everything. He knew how to live and he wasn't afraid of anything. I never did see him show the white feather but once. Just once! Can you imagine? We stayed at a little place once and he just got right out of bed and left it to the bugs. He didn't even put up a fight. That's the one time I saw him give up.

"I do not remember ever seeing him get mad, and he got so he could do twenty-five miles a day and still smile. He loved to eat and he always said I was a real good camp cook. In fact he always did compliment me on any decent thing I did, but he would bawl me out on other things.

"I loved to talk with him and when two men are together off and on for years in places where nobody has ever been before, they tell each other about a lot of things. He talked to me about God, about the earth, about strength and about an unseen strength.

"I told him about my life and he told me about his. He was so well informed about everything that he could help a

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man to know what to do. I had never seen such a man before. I had been with roughnecks and horse thieves before I met him. He knew how to explain a better way to live and his way made sense. He talked to me about a lot of things," and then Willis added, almost in a whisper, "and some of those things are going to die with me. I could never tell them to anybody and have them mean just what they did. They were things that reached the part of me I guess you would call my soul."

He sat quietly for some time and then he took from a shelf near him a rather worn book, and turned to a certain page. I wondered at this and then he handed the open book to me. I saw that it was a copy of Hagedorn's *Roosevelt in the Badlands,* and the page before me bore mute evidence that Willis had read and reread the book many times. The lower corner of the right-hand page was almost gone. The print was dim in places. There were faint finger smudges here and there.

"Badger Clark wrote that," he said, pointing to the lines:

The range is empty and the trails are blind,
And I don't seem but half myself today.
I wait to hear him ridin' up behind
And feel his knee rub mine the good old way.
He's gone—and what that means no man can tell
Some call it "Gone before!"
Where? I don't know, but God, I know so well
That he ain't here no more!

The Liverybarn

(Continued from page 33)

Until that instant I had not realized that the screaming and yelling on the back seat had long ceased—for the good reason that no passengers occupied it. Dismounting, I tied quickly, chunked the dogs toward the barn, and looked around. The woman and the two girls, whom I suddenly regarded in deep mortification, were trudging in from the cornfield.

Ignoring me completely they all rushed to Mrs. Basket and got the lady on her feet and into the house. Slinking away, I drove back to the liverybarn in town, forked over the six-bits fare to the manager and put the team away.

Not to be caught up with and suffer more embarrassment proved a vain wish. The next day the still angry Mrs. Basket told Mrs. Duncum, who was also my mother's friend, "That wild boy almost killed us all!"

THAT episode very nearly ended my fondest ambition, to embark upon a barnman's career. The liverybarn was one place which Mother had forbidden me to hang around. A two-story wooden building, it filled half a block next to a lumber yard.

Two hundred feet long, one side of the ground floor contained stalls and granaries. The other started with the box office directly against the front wall, and then came storage spaces and harness

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rooms. Several feed lots were in the rear for our rent stock and a few horses kept there by townspeople. The rigs for hire were polished a shiny black and the harness was the best money could buy.

Altogether the barn and equipment were much too elaborate for a small Oklahoma town like Clarita. Another bad feature was that, situated in stock-raising country, almost everybody owned his own animals and vehicles. The drummers and peddlers arriving by train who rented rigs or saddle horses were not numerous. Likely the barn never showed a profit, the overhead being too high.

Being a friend of the owner, Father helped out with a loan to tide him over in a business that never got any better. In the course of time the man went flat broke. After giving him a few hundred dollars more, Father owned a most shaky liverybarn business.

He engaged a medium tall, long-armed man with a glowering visage as manager. From then on the barn made some money, but probably only because Father produced his own feed at our ranch a mile west of town. Feed was always the biggest expense item.

Surprisingly, Father owned the barn about three months before Mother discovered the fact. Its possession as an investment was concealed from her because she believed that next to a place featuring red booze and gambling, all other evils originated in liverybarns and pool halls. In her opinion a saloon man was surely destined for Hell and a liverybarn owner would be following with one hand on his shoulder.

Reaching home from school one wintry day, I learned about the barn. My parents were arguing about it in the living room. In their one-sided controversies Mother always "laid down the law"—which was a sad waste of effort on her part for Father was as set in his ways as she.

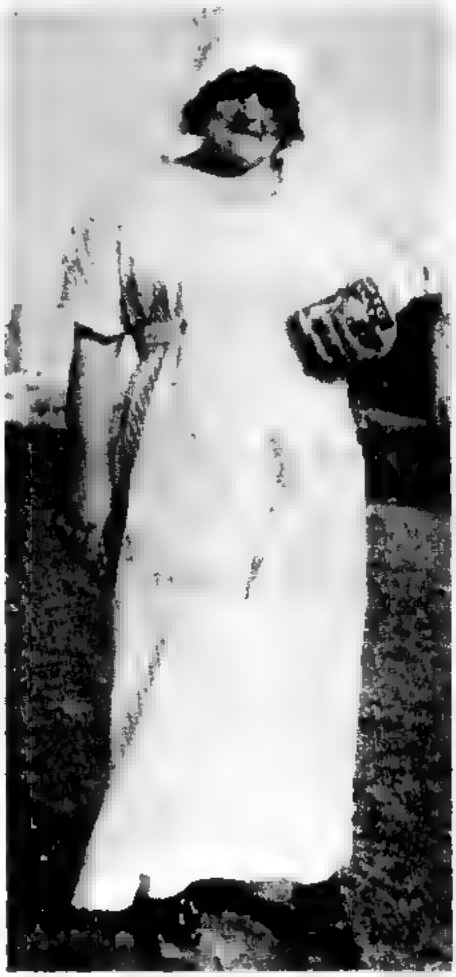
That day she declared most positively, "I am not going to raise my boys up to be known as the sons of a liverybarn owner. They are never to go near there, and I want you to get rid of it!"

A liverybarn had always fascinated me. Now that Father owned one he leaped suddenly in my already vast estimation of him to being king of the world. During the next day's noon hour I rushed down there from school to have a look at our new affluence. Thereafter there were many opportunities to visit and tarry at the barn, especially while riding with Father when we cut around into town from handling cattle away from the home ranch.

During warm weather heavy wooden benches stood against the wall on each side of the huge front opening. In winter the benches were taken inside the box office and placed near the pot-bellied heating stove. Keeping the manager company were usually half a dozen loafers swapping impossible lies. Yet at no time did I see any of the horrible things Mother imagined occurring there. Nor was the obscenity any worse than heard while working cattle with our cowboys.

To me it was a fascinating, exclusive man's world of odorous, sweaty horses, the tang of oiled and soaped leather, axle grease, hay in the mangers and the great loft overhead. Barnmen and swampers constituted a swaggering, most independent lot. They were looked up to for they had been around—worldly men of vast experience. Less unfortunate individuals importuned them for advice on every conceivable matter, and they knew all the happenings and gossip of the region. Being men of stature their opinions on topics of the day carried weight.

The truth was, of course, that most were fly-birds, fiddle-footed tramps. As



Mother, "You're not making a liverystable bum out of my oldest son!"

Father said, "They'll never amount to a whoop in Hell." Once their belly wrinkles were fed out they wandered on to some other part of the country. Only the manager stayed put.

Nevertheless, these ne'er-do-wells were my heroes, and my sole ambition was to become a barnman. I pictured spitting tobacco juice indifferently while condescendingly listening to a customer's request. My mind would be made up slowly and wholly to suit the whim of the moment. If he sized up wrong or was known to be rough on stock, then he would get a cold-jawed horse to ride, or a team already ruined. Or maybe I would just plain tell him to go to the devil. I could hardly wait for that day.

THEN unexpectedly my opportunity to be a barnman came when Father and the manager went away leaving me alone. It was too early in the morning for the regular loafers, and for some reason the swampers had not shown up.

Sitting on a front wall bench I imagined myself in the role of a scornfully independent barnman. And that was when Mrs. Basket, her two daughters and their friend, got off the train.

Standing politely on their approach, my tied tongue loosened when Mrs. Basket spoke sharply a second time, asking for the barnman.

"What can I do for you?" I asked importantly.

She cast me a baleful look, although I was already man-size, and replied, "We want to be taken home. Mr. Basket doesn't know we are returning a few days earlier than we planned. He won't be coming to meet us."

Throwing the best set of harness on the bays, the one with golden plumes adorned with bells, blue, red and white rings on lines and hames, I hooked onto a double-seater buckboard. It was a mirror-shiny hack with yellow striped wheel spokes.

Hurrying around front I cut the wheel, dismounted and helped the ladies to seats and stowed their bundles in the bed. After leaving town Mrs. Basket thought that I drove too fast, and then all the trouble followed. Of course Mrs. Duncum had to repeat her statement to Mother. She jumped on Father as soon as he got home that same night.

"What are you doing making a liverystable bum of your oldest son? His orders were to never hang around the barn, much less actually drive one of the rigs. This has got to stop right now!"

Since this happened between our short school terms Father said to me, "Looks like you'd better stick to riding after cattle. At least there won't be no female gabbers around!"

Since Mother never knew where I might be riding to, or how far, evading her was easy. Usually we ate breakfast by lamplight, and supper the same way. Of course I went right back to the barn at every opportunity. When work had to be done, feeding, cleaning up, harnessing teams or saddling horses, I helped or did it alone. Otherwise I sat on a bench end listening to the tobacco chewing, whittling old-timers yarning.

Their tales were picturesquely vivid and punctured with outlandish description. While they might have been outrageous lies, their stories were always entertaining. Here was where secret news was passed on and details of the latest derelictions of some important man or woman discussed. The liverybarn was a clubhouse, a community gathering place where men always stopped on entering or leaving town. Maybe it was only a brief pause to hear what went on in our burg and the surrounding countryside; or, if looking for someone and desiring information as to his whereabouts, here was the place to obtain it. Verbal messages for friends could be left. A farmer or rancher needing a hired hand would say so and how

(Continued on page 50)

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much he paid, and get one in a day or so.

ONE perpetual loafer was known only as "Pop." Past eighty years of age, he batched in a shack beside the railroad tracks near the depot. No one seemed to know how he got to Clarita, where he came from, or the source of his income. Hardly a day passed that he failed to mention Belle Starr. Often he more than hinted of once riding with the Dalton outlaws and other gangs. Those who listened considered Pop's tales purely his own lies. The wizened, harmless old fellow just didn't look like a former outlaw should.

Then one day he did not appear at the barn. Inquiries were made. No one had seen him so somebody went to his shack. He lay cold in his quilts, having died peacefully asleep. An ancient, small leather trunk revealed a surprising cache. In it were letters signed "Myra Belle," her given name. Those fading letters were in envelopes addressed to widely scattered places in Texas, the Indian Territory and Kansas and to just about as many different aliases.

Reward dodgers in the trunk gave Pop's complete description, especially the bullet scars on his body. The name on the notices rang the memory gong for many men. Pop had been one of the few really big-time outlaws never captured or killed when the notorious gangs were wiped out by lawmen. He had simply disappeared by living in small, remote places like Clarita. Rewards on him for several killings were still good. Beneath all this junk was the remaining hoard of his money to live on—$5,900 in gold coins.

SHOEING the stock when necessary was an event indulged in by me at every opportunity. We did not tack on cold shoes at the barn but had hot plates put on. It was I who paraded the horses to be shod down Main Street to Gene Schmelzer's blacksmith shop. On these jaunts I was envied by my friends and admired by the womenfolks. There was something fascinating about a devil-may-care barnman (I thought).

Once the horses reached the shop I could stand around pretending solemn importance. Always I watched the brawny, iron-muscled Schmelzer trimming hoofs and hammering hot shoes into shape on the anvil. Once they were fitted the hot iron was doused in water and nailed on with what seemed reckless ease.

When all four were in place Schmelzer would stand to one side examining the finished job critically. Turning to me he would say, "Well, whatta you think, cowboy? That hoss ain't going to step off them shoes."

Of course this middle-aged, experienced blacksmith's asking my advice swelled my head more.

We had a black gelding called "Boston" that weighed about 1,800 pounds. He had one bad trait. While not objecting to getting his forefeet shod, he had to be thrown and tied down to get shoes on the hind feet. This was time consuming and the danger always existed of injuring the big horse. Boston never surrendered without putting up a fight. Then one day we accidentally discovered that I could pick up his huge hind feet without getting slammed into kingdom-come. That happened because a lot of my time was spent in Boston's stall. Once it looked like he had rammed a nail into a rear foot. Unthinkingly I reached down, slapped his lower leg gently, and picked his foot off the ground. No nail was stuck in it, and during the process he merely turned his head to watch.

After that, when Boston was shod I trimmed his hoofs, tried the shoes for fit and when properly shaped by Schmelzer, nailed them on. This certainly made the job fast work compared to four or five men spending at least half an hour throwing and tying him down.

No matter how menial, there was no work around the barn that I *did not* like to do. The paint on all vehicles was kept touched up, and plenty of elbow grease was expended keeping them shiny bright. One was a fringe-topped surrey used for special occasions such as funerals.

The town had no cemetery, burying its dead west at Wilson graveyard or east in Moore's. Sometimes the well-to-do would bring out a hearse from Coalgate, the county seat. But even then they hired the surrey to convey the bereaved family the few miles to the burying ground. Most coffins were hauled in a plain farm wagon, the surrey behind it. The surrey was never driven to funerals by me, but sometimes I would take a visiting preacher into the country. The drummers never rented it because of the cost, although they were always the best pay.

An aged and wealthy Indian called Grandpa Plummer took a fancy to the

Charley Plummer knew the true story of the "murdered baby."

surrey. For months he tried to buy it from the barn. Finally when the business sloughed off, Father let him have it.

With the surrey hooked to two big white horses Plummer would come racing into town and return to his ranch the same way. No one realized that his eyesight was very bad. In fact, he was almost blind. One afternoon he turned the team at high speed directly into a barbed wire fence near the barn. The spanking horses plunged through and were badly cut up. The surrey was completely wrecked yet somehow the old man escaped with a few lacerations. His sons afterward kept him from driving any kind of rig.

THE biggest excitement connected with the barn during Father's ownership were circumstances surrounding the "murdered baby." At least that was how the town's female scandalmongers described what happened.

A friendless and penniless young girl about eighteen years old appeared in town. She was already at the barn when I first saw her. But no one seemed to know how she got to Clarita. Her condition was what is gently described as being "that way." Not one of the so-called Christian women would give her a kind word, let alone offer any help. But the uncouth barnmen did when she wandered past there in tears.

A granary next to the box office was cleaned out, and she was installed in it. Those ornery no-good barnmen fed and clothed her, concealed the unfortunate girl from unfriendly eyes, and brought a doctor five miles away from Wapanucka to attend her. Neither of the two local medicos was called in nor party to the secret. Their wives talked too much. When she was able to travel she was sent in a rig to another town with a train ticket home, new clothes and some spare money.

The girl had been gone several weeks before a few meager facts somehow leaked out. The gossips cruelly claimed that the girl refused the baby at birth, and that still breathing it had been buried in the main horse lot. Whispers even alleged that the father was actually a locally prominent man, which couldn't possibly have been true.

My friend Charley Plummer who lived in town used to hang around the barn late at night. He knew exactly what happened because he was there. The baby was born dead and there was the doctor's word for it. The barnmen carpentered a small casket, lining it with cotton batts and silk cloth. In with the tiny body also went the layette they had bought at Coalgate to give the mother. It was first proposed to bury the baby secretly in one of the regular graveyards. Vetoed as not practical, the interment took place before dawn outside the main feed lot fence.

Charley's Spanish mother was a Catholic and had brought her several children up in that faith. He always shook his head dolefully when talking about the baby. "There was no priest present, none of God's words spoken. That is bad and

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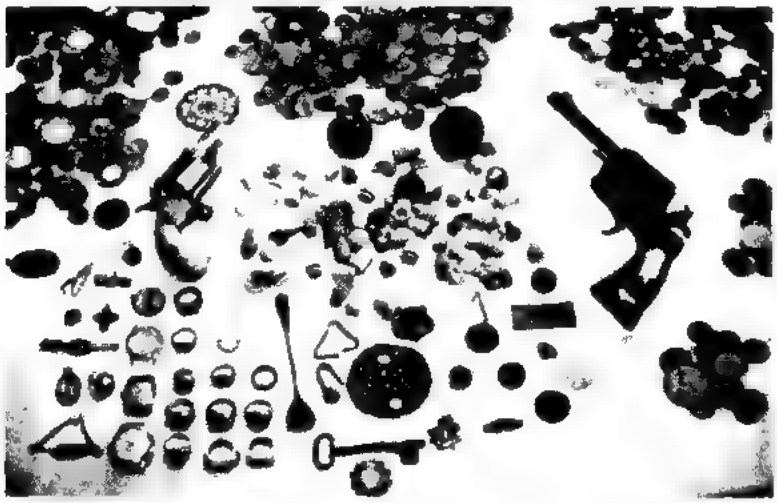

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the place is cursed. Nothing will ever grow over the grave."

Mere superstition from his Indian father? The next spring no grass or weeds rooted over the grave. Nor the following or any other. Fifty years later, while visiting the site of the long vanished liverybarn, I noticed one spot still remained there. The hard ground was surrounded and concealed as before by headhigh sunflowers.

But Charley's viewpoint wasn't so practical either. There was no Catholic church and no priest closer than the county seat. With all their other responsibilities the barnmen couldn't produce a priest or any other kind of holy man for the girl to whom they played Good Samaritan.

FOR TWO glorious years I basked in the thrilling majesty of the big liverybarn. All over the nation such establishments were going out of business, giving way to the newfangled contraption called a gas buggy.

The barn manager claimed to have had considerable experience as a mechanic and driver before coming to Clarita. As business grew constantly worse he talked Father into buying a Ford touring car for use as a taxi along with the livery. Solid black in color, its oil lamps gave very little light but it wasn't used after sundown anyway. And it proved worse than useless in Oklahoma mud.

Otherwise it was all right except that our "expert driver" was still a barnman and couldn't keep it on the road even in dry weather. He tore up so many barbed wire fences along the country lanes that Father brought the Ford home to the ranch in self-defense. Learning to drive it was easy for me, but never compensated for the loss of my status as a barnman.

Mother never ceased fussing about the liverybarn and shortly after ending the taxi business Father closed out. The building contained a great amount of lumber and heavy timbers. Torn down, it was hauled to the ranch and used to erect a two-story barn over a framework of split logs. Hay went into the high loft. One side of the ground floor contained numerous granaries and horse stalls. It was the most solidly built and largest barn ever seen in that country. People came from many miles around just to inspect and marvel over it.

Devils in Sombreros

(Continued from page 19)

and Oliver Loving blazed a trail into New Mexico, across Texas and up the Pecos River, in order to furnish beef to military installations, including Fort Bascom. On one of the early drives Goodnight noticed his brand and those of many of his fellow Texas ranchers on Mexican stock in the area around Fort Bascom. Goodnight requested aid from the fort in repossessing his stock, but post authorities refused help because he didn't have proper authority to seize the cattle.

Before starting the next herd up from Texas, Goodnight and Loving secured "proper authority" in the form of powers-of-attorney from other Texas ranchers. However, the drive was attacked by Indians at present Loving, New Mexico, and Oliver Loving, who was carrying the papers in his saddlebags, was mortally wounded and his horse captured. Upon reaching Fort Bascom Goodnight attempted to regain some of the stolen stock without the necessary documents.

At Gallinas, southeast of Las Vegas, Goodnight located a large concentration of cattle bearing the Texas brands of Sheek, Loving, CV, Circle W, and WES, in addition to his own. So he hired a lawyer and began court proceedings to retrieve the stock. Goodnight was soundly defeated and, as he told J. Evetts Haley in later years, "I was lucky to get out alive!" The local citizens, both native and American, seemed hostile toward the Texas rancher and his efforts, probably due to post-Civil War prejudices. The military at Fort Bascom didn't seem to care for Goodnight either, as they again refused to give him aid.

But perhaps they had another reason. Jose Piedad Tafoya, probably the best known *Comanchero*, testified at a military hearing some years afterward that the cattle he traded for a Quitaque were sold to his American benefactors—a merchant on the Hatch Ranch at Gallinas, and the commanding officer at Fort Bascom! No names were given in the testimony. Regardless of whether the officers at the post were guilty of illicit dealings or not, Fort Bascom was abandoned in 1870, having failed to halt the *Comanchero* trade.

There is more evidence to support the idea that unscrupulous Americans financed the *Comanchero* commerce and bought their cattle. An old trader, known only as *El Caute*, told some of his friends that "the *Americanos* were the real racketeers, buying the stolen beeves from the *Comancheros*."

Another example of American backing in the illegal traffic came from Polonis Ortiz, a young *Comanchero* captured near Fort Concho at present San Angelo, Texas, in March 1871, while participating in an Indian raid. Ortiz, like many adventuresome traders, preferred to accompany the Indians on raids rather than wait at a trading camp for the marauders to return. Ortiz told the military that Hughes and Church, mercantilists at Puerta de Luna, furnished the trading goods and bought the stolen cattle.

IN the early 1870s, the Texans' cry for action against Indian raids and the trading activities became so strong that measures had to be taken—if not by the military, then by civilians. In 1871 the military in Texas claimed to be too far from the *Comanchero* operations to be effective, besides they had their hands full trying to protect the frontier from Indian raids. So civilians—one civilian in particular—swung into action against the *Comancheros*. John Hittson, having lost some 50,000 head of cattle in raids, decided to go into New Mexico after them—using more force than had Charles Goodnight.

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Making Denver his headquarters, and holding powers-of-attorney from over 200 Texas cattlemen, Hittson hired 150 armed "drovers" to assist him in recovering the stolen stock. In July 1872, Hittson and his "army" entered New Mexico, promptly stirred up a hornet's nest, and created an intense hatred of the *Tejanos*, as the natives called them. Hittson's lieutenants, including James Patterson, Martin Childers, and H. M. Childress, were also ranchers of status.

It did not take long for local resentment to grow after Hittson's drovers began rounding up every head of livestock in sight. A group of Las Vegas townsmen persuaded the prominent New Mexican statesman, Miguel Otero, to speak to Hittson and ask for leniency toward the innocent natives who had purchased the cattle in good faith. Hittson's reply was very harsh, "These d--- greasers have been stealing our horses and cattle for fifty years, and we got together and thought we would come up this way and have a grand roundup, and that is why we are here. What is more we intend to take all the cattle and horses we come across and drive them back to Texas where they belong. My advice to you fellows is don't attempt to interfere with what we are doing unless you are looking for trouble!"

The most resistance, however, did not come from the natives, but from American ranchers who had also bought their livestock in good faith. One incident involved a rancher named Simpson who resisted the Texans and was shot down defending his corral gate. His cattle were driven across his body as the Texans left. Near Anton Chico, a cowhand of another American rancher who resisted was lynched by the Texas drovers and left hanging from a pine near the ranch house.

The most notable incident during the small war between the Texans and New Mexicans began on September 8, 1872, when a few of the *Tejanos*, scouring the countryside for Texas stock, entered Loma Parda, twenty-five miles north of Las Vegas, and found seven head of cattle with Hittson's brand. Unable to retrieve them, the men left and returned the next day with a force of twenty men. In the meantime, Loma Parda residents, led by their police chief and postmaster, Edward Seaman, had set up a defense, bent on resistance. Again the Texans retreated, returning on the tenth with a force of sixty men, with Martin Childers and James Patterson in command.

There are two versions of the fight at Loma Parda. Both are believable, and point up the difficulty in getting the truth out of the past. According to the New Mexicans, trouble began when Julian Baca refused to give up two horses to the Texans and was pistol-whipped. The screams of Baca's wife were heard by Toribo Garcia, who entered the fracas, gun in hand. But seeing the size of the *Tejano* force, Garcia fled, and in doing so was shot down from behind.

By this time, Edward Seaman had arrived on the scene, only to receive a gash across the cheek from a rifle butt. Seaman stumbled into the corral seeking cover, but found it filled with Texans rounding up the stock. As he turned to escape, a Texan grabbed him and snarled, "Hold on there, you s—o—b, we're not through with you yet!"

Seaman managed to wrench free, only to be shot in the back of the head as he ran toward a nearby building. With the police chief out of the way, the Texans rounded up all of the stock in the area and left to rejoin Hittson's main force.

The Texans' version of the incident, differing greatly, appeared as a letter in the Santa Fe *Weekly New Mexican* on October 1, 1872. James Patterson, the writer of the letter, stated that Hittson's men acted in self-defense, as they were "demanding the cattle of the men claiming them within the enclosure (corral), when Mr. Seaman rushed into their midst loudly calling to a party of armed followers to 'come on', and without further warning, presented a revolver in the face of Mr. (Martin) Childers with a threat of instant death. So sudden was the attack that Childers had no time to draw and defend himself. A man from behind, seeing the peril of Mr. Childers, shot Seaman through the head killing him instantly. The cowardly crew who were to have helped in the attack, at this moment turned and fled, leaving the ground to the Texans."

It is a fact, however, that Patterson and Childers were arrested and charged with the murders of Garcia and Seaman, but both were soon out on bail and never stood trial. Hittson denied all connection with the Loma Parda raid, stating, "I am positive other parties were at fault."

Regardless of which account of the Loma Parda incident is the true one, to New Mexico residents it was "complete lawlessness." Otero called the Texans' actions "out and out rustling." The *Weekly New Mexican*, however, stated in an editorial that "there is a soreness on the part of the innocent purchasers of the stock, but they cannot deny the justice of the Texans' claims."

Court action was begun to prevent Hittson from removing any cattle from the territory until the rightful owners were determined. A fire later destroyed the court records, but according to Hittson one case was tried and favored him, and all other charges were dropped.

Though John Hittson managed to recover over 6,000 head of stolen Texas stock, his efforts had little effect on the illicit *Comanchero* trade. Another civilian force, however, did contribute to ending the traders' activities by destroying the Indians' livelihood—the buffalo.

AMERICAN buffalo hunters migrated in droves to the *Llano Estacado* in direct violation of the Medicine Lodge Treaty of 1867. Under the terms of the treaty Americans were forbidden entry into Indian hunting regions, also established by treaty. The hunters, whose physical appearance was not unlike that of the *Comancheros*, literally slaughtered hundreds of thousands of buffalo in a very few years, salvaging only the hides

This is just a sampling of what you will find in the August 1970 Issue.

- THE FABULOUS BOWL RUSH
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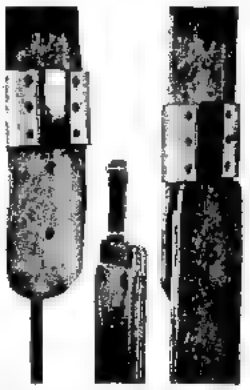

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and leaving the carcasses to rot on the plains.

In these buffalo hunters the *Comancheros* found a natural enemy, to be avoided at all times. One recorded clash between the two factions occurred on the Rio de Las Lenguas when a group of some thirty hunters, including Jim Greathouse, Wild Bill Kress, and Sol Reese, on the trail of a Comanche raiding party who had stolen almost all their horses, happened upon a camp of twelve *Comancheros*. In the short fight, the hunters "killed the traders to a man."

The Medicine Lodge Treaty had also created reservations for the Indians in Indian Territory. The *Comancheros* discouraged the hostiles from going to the reserves and encouraged them to keep up their raids. The Indians did continue their raids, but sought refuge on the reservations under the Quaker Peace Policy. The policy was an instrument installed by President Grant to protect the Indians from the military as long as they were on the reservation. The reservations then became a sanctuary for many raiding parties.

The Quaker Peace Policy suffered a setback when General William Tecumseh Sherman, on an expedition examining the frontier situation, narrowly escaped death at the Salt Creek Prairie Massacre near Fort Richardson at Jacksboro, Texas, in May 1871. Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie then began his famous campaigns to force the Indians remaining on the *Llano Estacado* to the reservations. One of his early campaigns was directed against the *Comancheros* in New Mexico.

On his expedition into New Mexico in the fall of 1872, Mackenzie used as a guide the young *Comanchero*, Polonis Ortiz. Ortiz led Mackenzie across the plains via the middle trail, ending on Alamogordo Creek. By the time Mackenzie's command reached the settlements, the traders, in Mackenzie's words, "had left to escape capture by a party of citizens who were taking possession of stolen cattle." Obviously, John Hittson had unknowingly spoiled Mackenzie's raid into the *Comanchero* homeland.

After two years of fruitless campaigning, Mackenzie finally dealt the Indians a crushing blow, but not without the aid of the old *Comanchero*, Jose Piedad Tafoya. Mackenzie captured Tafoya early in September 1874. At first when Mackenzie questioned Tafoya, the only reply was "*no sabe.*" Mackenzie ordered a rope thrown over an upright wagon tongue and placed it around Tafoya's neck. The old *Comanchero* savvied quick when the noose began to get tight.

Tafoya saved his life by telling Mackenzie of a large encampment of Indians at Tule Canyon. Charles Goodnight late in his life, told J. Evetts Haley of Quanah Parker's feelings toward Tafoya's betrayal, "He swore and he be damned that he would broil the old Mexican alive if he ever saw him again."

At Tule, Mackenzie encountered a small party of braves who, after a short skirmish, fled northward toward Palo Duro. Following the trail to Palo Duro, he put his troops under a forced all night march, and reached the canyon at dawn on September 28. Although casualties on both sides were slight in the ensuing battle, Mackenzie's troops managed to capture almost all of the Indians' ponies, numbering over 1400.

Learning from previous experience, he had the animals destroyed to prevent the hostiles' recapturing them. This harsh action put the Indians on foot, and except for a few minor outbreaks, forced them to return to the reservation to stay. The end of Indian occupation of the *Llano Estacado* marked, also, the end of the infamous *Comanchero* trade.

The great trade routes soon grew up in the tall buffalo grass as remote Indian hunting grounds and trade areas gave way to ranches such as the XIT, the Matador, the Spur, and the JA. Most of the old *Comancheros* went back to New Mexico and began sheepherding. Others of the old traders joined the army as scouts, some, including Jose Tafoya, serving under Mackenzie along the Rio Grande in 1878 and in Colorado in 1880.

Today, cotton and grain grow abundantly throughout the vast *Llano Estacado*, and cities dot the landscape here and there. But there are still remote areas, far from any sign of civilization, where one can seemingly "see forever." Here, with a little imagination, one can watch the buffalo herds, the quiet Indian camps, and on the horizon a few men in sombreros leading jacks loaded with trade goods. *Paso por aqui.*

Truly Western

(Continued from page 39)

of its history. The reason for my curiosity is that I have a lapel button with this organization's initials on it. It belonged to my father, George Wylie Calhoun. I'm not sure if he was a member or not. He laughed and said that once he was away from home, and one of his cousins was hanged by this group. I don't know if he was joking, or who this cousin was. If alive, my father would have been 100 years old last May. The pin has an arrow through a horseshoe, with the initials O. K. on the top of the horseshoe and A. H. T. A. printed on the arrow. It appears to be made of brass.

After seeing a story in one of your back issues about the ghost town of Trementina, New Mexico, we made a point of going by there and enjoyed the stop. About three weeks after our return, one of the local newspapers carried a story about Trementina. I always make a note of the interesting places mentioned in your magazines in the hope that we may get a chance to visit them.—James A. Calhoun, 226 Moreland Street, Borger, Texas 79007

Friends of Johnny Owens

I have been a reader of your magazines for some time and enjoy them very much. I was really thrilled about the article in TRUE WEST, April 1970 issue, entitled "Twenty Notches on His Gun," which concerned Johnny Owens, who for fourteen years was sheriff of Weston County at Newcastle, Wyoming.

(Continued on page 64)

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 6)

changed from Burnet and Dunbarr, to Brunette and Barr.

My father's mother was Emily Royal. They lived in Montreal, Canada, where their children were born. One daughter, Susan, survived and married Felix Martin. They lived in Wisconsin. The name "Royal" was changed to King when the family moved to the U. S.

My grandfather Jerrimiah was born somewhere in the Great Lakes area, perhaps Michigan. All the children were born in Canada. They lived in La Crosse, Durand, and also in Rusk County, Wisconsin.

I would appreciate hearing from those who descended from the Kings, Royals and Hamiltons.—*Josephine* M. Hallquist, 2140 E. 14th Ave. Apt. 7, Denver, Colo. 80206

Edward T. Riley

I would like to hear from anyone having information about Edward T. Riley.—Mrs. Thos. Van Osdell, 3448 Alliquipa St., Baton Rouge, La. 70805

Hugh Jones

I am trying to find out about the Hugh Jones family. Uncle Hugh's mother was my grandmother. She was part Cherokee Indian, from Tennessee. In 1932 Uncle Hugh was around 70-75 years old and living in Oklahoma. His children that I remember were: Joe, now about 69; Russell, about 58; Vi, 60.

If anyone knows anything about any of the family please write me. My mother was Cleo Cowan Daniel. She would have been 93. Her father was Marion Cowan.—Claudine Bruce, 538 West Ralston, Ontario, Ca. 91761

Columbus Lanning

I would like to get in touch with Columbus Lanning or his descendants or friends. He is or was the brother of my great-grandfather, William Cleveland Lanning. He left North Carolina around 1890 for Missouri, and was never in contact again to my knowledge.—Josephine Lanning Ferrington, R 1, Box 65, Springfield, Oregon 97477

Williams

I would like very much to locate my sister. Her maiden name was Esther R. Bell Williams. In 1919 she married a man named Jack Mills. She was last heard of in 1926 in the Houston area. I'd like to contact her, her children, or anyone related to her by marriage.—Floyd Williams, 4111 Ave. D, Austin, Texas 78751

Beatty-Jacobus

Can anyone give me any information on Charles L. Beatty who would have been a grown man about 1886. Would also like any clue to his associates: C. W. Routson, W. J. McCoubrey, H. C. Roberts, and H. L. McClune. I would also like any information on Dr. A. M. Jacobus and his association with Capt. Jack Crawford.—James Aplan, Fort Pierre, South Dakota 57532

The Ambush of Eugene Wall

(Continued from page 15)

factions are out of town, but expected to come in with a strong force to meet the strong force of the other faction. All are on the tiptoe of excitement.

IN Nacogdoches Sheriff Noel Roberts described the shooting to a reporter from the Nacogdoches *Daily Sentinel*, "There is very little to tell as to how the shooting came up. F. G. Roberts, my brother Sid, and myself were in the courthouse where preparations were being made to take some action in the Eugene Wall case, with the view to an agreement between the prosecution and the defense upon a bond so that Wall might waive examination and give bond without coming to town.

"My brother Sid stepped to the north door of the courthouse and I followed him with the intention of stopping him from going out, but no sooner than he appeared in the door a shot was fired from across the street and he fell dead. I then ran back to the office to get my gun and went to a window when I was wounded. I went out at the back door of the courthouse and got on my horse and started off, but was fired upon and I turned and got off my horse and went back into the courthouse. While I was out of the courthouse my uncle, Felix Roberts, was shot through the window of the sheriff's office and killed. I remained in the courthouse about half an hour and then went out with Rev. George Crockett and Dr. Felix Tucker. I do not know who did the shooting."

The Wall home was a fortress. With enough guns and ammunition for a siege, friends from the entire region had gathered to protect Eugene and his family until the last. But sickened by the killing, Eugene had a change of heart. The real reason was not discovered until a year later at his trial in Rusk, Texas for the killing of Ben Broocks. Eugene wanted no more violence.

On June 7, Adjutant General Scurry, head of the Texas Rangers, along with Ranger Capt. J. A. Brooks, District Judge Tom C. Davis, and John C. Mathews of San Augustine, rode to the Wall home to talk with Eugene about surrendering. After protection was guaranteed him and his family, Eugene unbuckled his gunbelt and submitted to arrest. That night the Walls were hustled off to Nacogdoches, where they were held for ten days before being carried by train to Rusk, Texas for safekeeping.

The following article appeared in the Nacogdoches *Daily Sentinel* on June 19, 1900.

OFF TO RUSK

Sheriff Campbell, Capt. J. A. Brooks, and Rangers Livingston and Bates, left on the local yesterday evening for Rusk, taking with them Uncle Buck Wall and his three sons, Pleas, Brune, and Eugene, who have been in custody of the rangers and confined in the Nacogdoches jail for the past ten days. They were carried to Rusk to appear for examining trial before judge Tom C. Davis, which had been set for today.

Quite a large number of witnesses have also gone to Rusk, some accompanying the Wall crowd, some going on by the midnight train and several parties going across by private conveyance.

There was a large crowd at the depot to see the Wall boys off, some of them relatives, some friends and many attracted by curiosity.

The Walls continued to keep up a cheerful appearance, but they say close confinement goes awful hard with them, being used to an active life and vigorous exercise as they are.

Buck Wall, along with Brune and Lopez, were later released on bond and returned to San Augustine. Eugene, however, stayed in Rusk under house arrest for the protection of everyone concerned.

His first trial for the murder of Ad Johnson was transferred to Center, Texas from San Augustine County because of "prejudice against the defendant" and "great terrorism among the good people." On February 8, 1901 Eugene was found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. The case was appealed and on May 8, 1901 the decision was reversed by the Court of Criminal Appeals of Texas.

Wall's trial for the murder of Ben Broocks was a farce. The case was moved to Rusk and announced ready for trial on June 17, 1901. The courtroom was jammed with spectators. Farmers took time off from their chores to come to town and get a glimpse of an honest-to-god gunslinger. Everyone was excited. Stilwell Russell, one of the top criminal lawyers in Texas, was to defend Wall.

Eugene was content enough, however, for his sweetheart, Ida Burkhalter, had come from San Augustine to sit by his side. Her influence on Eugene a year before had caused him to surrender his guns to Ranger Capt. J. A. Brooks, preventing a bloodbath in San Augustine County. It was announced that if he were acquitted, they would be immediately married in the courtroom.

Not taken in by the glamour of the situation, Prosecutor Bill Donley made a noble effort to send Wall to the gallows. But his efforts were in vain. The State could produce no witnesses to testify against Wall. Accordingly, the verdict on June 24, 1901 was "not guilty."

As soon as the verdict was read, Ida, with tears of joy still on her cheeks, was married to Eugene. After a year of anxiety, to her it was a dream come true. The courtroom was turned into a reception room as friends streamed in to congratulate the young couple.

EUGENE and his bride moved to Geneva, a small township hidden away in the rolling hills of Sabine County. Here they sought to live in peace, leaving the trouble and hate behind. It is sad that the story of Eugene Wall could not end here.

During the summer of 1901, Lopez Wall was shot from ambush near his home in San Augustine County. With his body riddled by shotgun pellets and Winchester slugs, Lopez was never able to get off a shot at his murderers. No one was ever indicted for the killing.

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The State of Texas was not finished with Eugene, either. Still facing murder charges growing out of the slaying of John Phillips six years before, Eugene rode into San Augustine on September 10, 1901 to make bond and await trial in February, 1902. Here in his old hometown, he could sense the hate the people harbored for him. They were out to get him just as they had killed George and Lopez and Sid and Felix Roberts.

Buck Wall planned a move for his family's safety. They were all seemingly marked for death in East Texas. He purchased some prime farmland along the Canadian River in Oklahoma and sent Brune ahead to prepare a homestead. Eugene and Ida were to follow in February, 1902, after his trial for the murder of John Phillips.

It was a warm day—October 25, 1901. Eugene became restless and decided to ride to San Augustine County and visit his aged parents. Ida declined to make the trip. That morning she saw her husband ride away for the last time.

Eugene sat and talked all day with his mother and father. They spoke mostly of Oklahoma and the wheat they were going to raise on their farm. It was a beautiful dream. No doubt Eugene's mind was far away in Oklahoma when the assassin's bullet cut him down.

He was on his way back to Geneva. A bushwhacker, atop a small knoll called Chapel Hill, fired a single, deadly shot which was heard by Buck. Arming himself, he and Mrs. Wall hastened to the scene only to discover their son lying dead in the road, his unfired Winchester across his body. Mrs. Wall, with tears in her eyes, lifted her son's lifeless head from the dusty road and wept. This was the end of a long bloody trial. Somehow she had always felt that it would end this way.

The following article appeared in the Houston *Daily Post*, Saturday morning, October 26, 1901.

EUGENE WALL KILLED

Telephone Lines Cut and No Definite News as to Late Developments Obtainable

Nacogdoches, Texas October 25, A telephone message this evening stated that Eugene Wall was killed on the public road seven miles east of San Augustine this afternoon. The POST correspondent called up San Augustine and was told by Billy King, owner of the line, that it was a fact, when the communication stopped.

The message stated that the mail rider from Geneva, Sabine County, found Mrs. Wall, the mother of Eugene, sitting with the dead body of her son close to the spot where Lopez Wall was killed and told him [the mail rider] to stay with her until she could take her dead son home. The rider, who was a Negro, begged off helping her and came to San Augustine and reported what he had witnessed.

No one seems to know who committed the murder. The general impression here is that it is continuation of the old feud which has been in existence for several years and this makes the sixth man killed as a result thereof.

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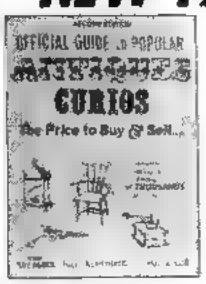

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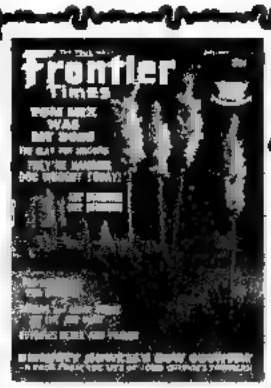

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(SEE PAGE 3 FOR MORE DETAILS)

For a while fear gripped the entire region. More trouble was anticipated but never materialized. No one was arrested for the murder and until this day the killer remains unknown. Investigating officers found a spent .38 caliber Winchester hull about fifty yards from where Wall fell. The bushwhacker concealing himself in dense undergrowth near an old fence, had waited for some time for the perfect shot as Wall rode by.

The fact that the telephone lines were cut indicates a conspiracy. The killing was planned out in such perfect detail that undoubtedly the .38 caliber hull found at the scene was "planted." Talk had it at the time that at least four men were involved.

Another mystery surrounding the murder was what happened to Eugene's pistol, a double-action, nickel-plated Colt .45. Some claim that both Eugene's pistol and Winchester were given later to Buck Wall; others state the weapons were stolen from the scene.

An old man who knew Eugene Wall personally said, "Eugene Wall neither drank nor smoked nor cursed nor even spoke loud, but when he shot he shot to kill." It was claimed that Eugene's .45 boasted nine notches, but that Wall really killed that many men in unlikely. Outside of Phillips, Berry, Johnson, and Broocks, there is no record of his killing anyone else.

Meeteetse Barbecue

(Continued from page 35)

presided over the preparation of the beef for the barbecue from 1912 until 1930, when death hurried him away to the happy hunting grounds long after he claimed the Indians had killed him.

In his later years Josh was mayor of Meeteetse. After he died, the barbecue was carried on by the community and was supervised by Bill and Charlie Feyhl. For several years it was sponsored by the Meeteetse Barbecue Association, with Edward Larsen as president. Since 1949, the get-together has been under the auspices of American Legion Post 85.

It is safe to say that in the twenty years the Legion has managed the barbecue and rodeo, ranchers in the community—through fat years and lean years—have donated in the neighborhood of 27,000 pounds of beef. How much they donated during the previous decades is anybody's guess. (I'm a newcomer, having only been here forty years.)

The crowd last Labor Day devoured four mature beeves in addition to tubfuls of potato salad, pickles, beans and dressing. The American Legion furnished 2,500 buns and enough ice cream to go around.

However, the Meeteetse Labor Day celebration is not just a big feast. At nine o'clock in the morning there is a parade. At ten o'clock the street program starts. First, there is the $35 money-throw from the top of the mercantile store. This cash is donated by merchants and is thrown down into the street to the small kids for spending money. It is not unusual to see "Mom" helping some little tyke pick up his nickels and dimes. Then there is the women's foot race, the women's shoe kicking contest, the men's foot race, the men's sack race and the three-legged race. Next comes the traditional tug of war between Meeteetse and Cody.

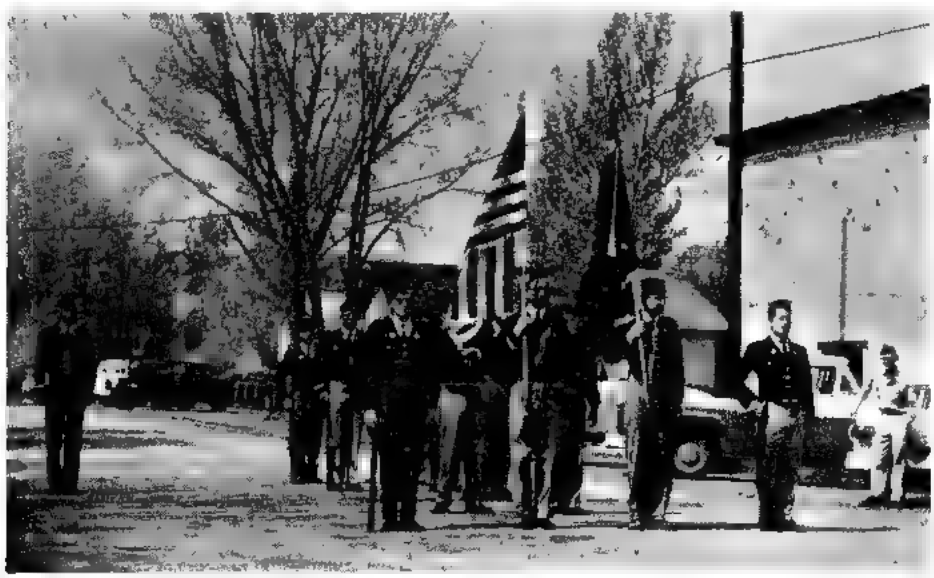
Prizes are given for the largest family attending the barbecue; also the family coming the farthest to attend is given ten gallons of gas to help them get home.

The rodeo was started in the same way most rodeos are started—by ranchers leading in their bucking horses, race horses, and furnishing roping calves and cows for wild cow-milking. Of course a show now must have proven stock and the American Legion has contracted their show to C. and E. Rodeo Producers from Cody, Wyoming, who have some of the saltiest stock in the country.

Josh Deane never got to see the new rodeo set-up which the American Legion Post built on land leased from the town of Meeteetse. Its natural setting will accommodate a thousand cars on the hillside overlooking the arena. A few hundred yards to the west, facing the morning sun and the arena, is Josh's grave.

If someone could tell Josh Deane what the show has grown to—from the one he founded fifty-eight years ago—I'm sure he himself would wonder if the fellow doing the talking was "lyin' or tellin' the truth"!

Some of the men of American Legion Post 85 during the street parade, a main event at their annual shindig.



A Scream in the Night

(Continued from page 21)

plies I would need, would it be a normal birth and so on, I found myself going faster and faster. I had to force myself to slow down as I knew that careless haste would undoubtedly end in disaster. One learns early in the North Woods to never get careless. I was a fraction of a second too late, though; I caught my right ski on a snow-covered stick or root and fell hard on my side. When I got my breath back I stood up and found the bag—which thankfully hadn't spilled—and then, more carefully, got under way again.

The sky was clearing and through little peep holes a new moon was sending bright shafts on the trail. It seemed as though maybe the heavens knew of my mission and was trying to light my way.

THE pretty night and my pleasant musings were suddenly brought to a halt by a quivering call, drawn out as a caller will do when he wants the sound to carry a long way. I couldn't quite make out the words, but knowing that a crisis could always occur in these cases, I construed the echoing sounds to say, "Hur . . . rrrrr Eeeeeeeeeee Upppppppp."

I yelled at the top of my lungs, "I'mmmmmmm Commmmm-ingggggg," and as the echoes bounced back and forth from the cliffs, I realized that my answer wouldn't make much intelligence either. However, I did know that John would understand that I was on the way and I hoped that would calm him down. His call had fairly dripped with the eerie tones of fright.

I had to fight myself to keep from driving my skis at top speed, but the loose snow and windfalls demanded caution. I knew I must avoid taking any chances, and yet the apparent emergency which John's cry implied, forced me to take chances I normally would have avoided. It was Mary's first child and even if it hadn't been, so many things could happen.

As I was detouring around a windfall, John called again, "Hurrrrrrr Eeeeeee Upppppppppppp." Again I answered this time summoning all my strength "I'mmmmmmmm Commmmmm.....ing!" My voice, too, sounded unreal. More like a scream. More like John's! Throwing caution to the wind, I frantically thrust with my ski poles and worked my legs like pistons.

Suddenly I realized that John's frantic calling was beginning to undermine

my strength and usually sound control. I had to get a grip on myself. My heart was pounding; I was panting; and tears, encouraged by the sharp wind, were welling up in my eyes. Poor Mary, what could have happened?

The trail followed alongside Warm Creek and was at a steady moderate incline. Up ahead I could see one of the donkey engines which the Boise-Payette lumber company used to snake out the logs, and realized that Camp "A" was only about a mile ahead. John's cabin was a part of that camp. As I passed the engine, John called again and either because the trail was now starting through the clearing and was farther away from the cliffs, or he had completely lost control, the call sounded wild and inhuman. He seemed to be in a state of hysteria, for his voice sounded actually feminine and carried a note of terror. It now occurred to me that it could be Mary calling! "Oh, My God," I thought, "what could have happened?" As I put forth more effort I just couldn't believe that "Big John" Huff, the lumberjack, could ever sound like that. But fear does queer things to people.

Only a hundred yards to go, and I covered that last stretch in record time, almost piling up on my head when I slammed into the snow-covered wood pile outside the cabin door. I was out of my ski bindings and in the door in almost one jump.

AS I ran through the door I ran headlong into John who was just getting up from his chair before the fireplace. My momentum nearly carried us both over his chair. If he hadn't grabbed me, I am sure I would have climbed right over him in my haste to get to the bedroom and Mary.

John laughed and said, "Viola, what in the Sam Hill are you trying to do? Run over me?"

I was struggling for breath and just staring at John when Mary called out from the bedroom. "Is that you, Viola?" Without answering either of them, I hurried into her room. Nothing seemed right. Mary was sitting up in bed and I could see she had been reading a magazine.

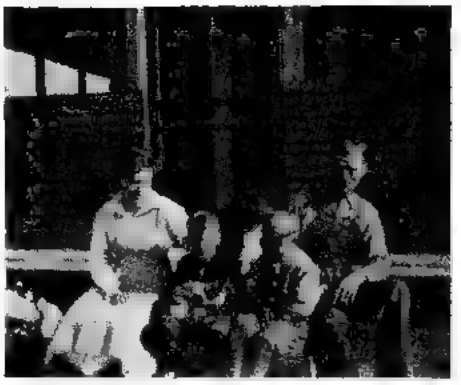
John had followed me into the bedroom and was standing by the door as though to trap this wild woman until some sense could be made out of what must have been a pretty strange performance.

"In heaven's name, Viola, will you please stop staring at me like that and say something?" Mary smilingly pleaded.

I sat—or rather flopped—on the bed and swallowing hard, asked "Mary, are you all right? I mean are you having pains?" She certainly didn't look like she was in labor.

"Of course not. I wish I were. That's why I had John stop by and ask if you wouldn't come over and stay with me for a day or so. I've felt, well, sort of uneasy for several days as though my time were near."

"But," I fairly spluttered, "why was John calling for me to hurry? I nearly broke my neck trying to get here and, besides, I was scared too!"



Mrs. Herrick, sons Vaughn and Dorsey and husband Colt Herrick, who later became an Idaho state senator. Photo taken about 1910.

I turned and looked accusingly at John. He, in turn, was staring open-mouthed at me, and I knew now that he thought I must be suffering from exposure and was, at least momentarily, out of my mind. Mary was looking at both of us, silently and patiently waiting for some kind of explanation.

At last John, with the condescending air of one catering to an invalid, said, "Viola, I haven't moved from my chair since I did my chores over two hours ago. And I don't know how you thought I was calling you. Now come in by the fire. I've got the coffee on and I think a cup will do you good."

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His tone and his remarks rather put me on the defensive. So turning to John I agreed that I could sure stand a cup of coffee, and if he would bring it to me there in the bedroom, I would try to explain. Not understanding the experience myself, I wondered what I could say without sounding silly.

As I related hearing those cries which I could now describe as screams, I noticed that Mary unconsciously pulled the blanket tighter around her shoulders. John just stood by the window, never once changing the expression on his face, which didn't exactly encourage me. Anyway, I told how I had answered and how the screams sounded, and how I became more and more frightened that Mary was in dire straits.

After I had told everything I could remember, John still stood there sucking on his old black pipe. Finally he said he believed me. I doubt if ever a pronouncement of sanity was more gratefully received by anyone. I knew that John had spent all his life as a trapper and lumberjack and was thoroughly familiar with all the weird things which can happen to a person in the big woods, especially at night.

Although I tried to question John as to who he thought had uttered those eerie cries, he wouldn't speculate, saying only that I should get a good night's sleep on the bunk he had fixed beside Mary's bed and he thought he could clear up the mystery in the morning. When I saw that it was useless to question him further, I talked with Mary until we both became sleepy and tucked ourselves in our beds. I remember thinking, before I fell asleep, how nice it was to be in that friendly warm cabin.

IN spite of my strange experience, I slept soundly until John awakened both Mary and me with steaming cups of tea. I prepared breakfast and shortly thereafter John, dressed in heavy clothes, took down his rifle from the pegs above the door and left, saying he would be back before noon.

I busied myself with tidying up the cabin and helping Mary. Her pains started in mid-morning but unless nature fooled us I believed that the birth of her child was still hours away. Just before I had lunch ready, I heard John outside, kicking off his skis and stamping the snow off his boots. I was standing beside the door as he walked in and carefully hung his mackinaw on the clothes pegs, then carried his rifle to the unheated storage room so it wouldn't sweat and rust. He just grinned as he walked by. I knew better than to question him, and when he didn't volunteer anything I went back to my cooking, resolving to curb my impatience as long as I could.

Finally, John stopped beside me where I stood at the stove stirring some mush. "Viola, I know what caused those screams, and I am sure they were screams all right. Come into Mary's room and I'll explain to you both."

I went in and sat on the bed beside Mary while John told us what he had discovered.

"I back-tracked you, Viola, and the story wasn't very hard to figure out. You were followed by a curious, or crazy, cougar almost to this clearing. He was a big male, and he stopped and sat back on his haunches three times while he was following you. I think these were the times he screamed. I don't think he was vicious or meant to harm you, but for some reason followed you and then stopped, sat back on his rear end and gave that half-yowl, half-scream which I have heard several times. Sometimes a woodsman will spend most of his life in the woods where there are cougars and never hear this cry. But cougars, like domestic cats, can make some pretty loud noises sometimes. And because they are, after all, cats they have a lot of curiosity. I think he was curious at first and when you answered him, maybe you struck a note that meant something in cougar language."

I was lost in thought for a moment, very vividly remembering those awful screams, and wondering how I must have sounded to that cougar! I knew one thing, he didn't have any trouble in hearing me.

"Thanks, John, you have not only assured me that I am reasonably sane, but turned the memory of a nervewracking night into something I can look back on, if not with pleasure, at least with some understanding. I was afraid it would always remain as a dreadful nightmare, and I do think I will always shiver a little when I remember."

Well, Mary had her baby that night and everything went smoothly. The couple and their healthy baby boy moved away the next year as John followed his work in the big ponderosa forests. I have often wondered if they ever told the story to their son. Somehow I believe they did because it was a story so closely related to their life in those wilderness days.

That memorable night was by no means the last that I would experience in the North Woods. However, no curious cougar ever again voiced his objections to my intrusion into his domain.

A Six-Months Nightmare

(Continued from page 38)

prices skyrocketed, and finally the desperate people in Walla Walla rioted. They stormed the bakeries and hotels, demanding food. One by one, the city's businesses closed their doors. Only the few saloons enjoyed a booming trade, and this meant that Walla Walla women were never completely warm because saloons were off limits and the poor ladies had no opportunity to share the comfort of a room warmed by both fire and bodies.

But Walla Walla was a luxurious spa compared with Lewiston, Florence and the muslin towns scattered through the mountainous mining country. Florence merchants in January could offer customers only flour to eat, and it sold for $2 per pound. Scurvy, rheumatism and pneumonia sapped the miners' strength and they weakened further from the extended diet of flour and snow-water or tea brewed from fir needles.

Some of the men challenged the snow

and freezing temperatures to reach Oro Fino and other supply points to buy provisions for themselves and their starving camps. At Big Flat, about four miles above Oro Fino on Rhodes Creek, miner Joseph H. Boyd told of many Florence miners who staggered into his camp snowblind. The cure was simple—hold a man's head over steam. He also told of two Florence miners who each bought a five-gallon jug of whiskey and set out one night to return home. Not far from Big Flat the men camped and tried to ward off the cold with the fiery alcohol. They died, frozen as they sat against a tree.

A storekeeper and two others on their way to Portland for supplies died at Wallua, not far from Walla Walla. And in the cabins and tents huddled throughout the towering mountains, men froze to death or died quietly of malnutrition. However, these were isolated incidents. The winter really turned its attention to mass homicide during three horror-filled days—from January 13-15—when it struck down nine miners who were attempting to walk the forty-five miles from the John Day River in Oregon to The Dalles.

W. A. Moody, one of the two survivors, wrote that on January 3, 1862 he and ten other men left Walla Walla by stage, each packing between twenty and eighty pounds of gold dust. Although the company had promised to get its passengers to The Dalles—over 100 miles away—in two days, by January 8 the laboring team had managed to fight through the deep snow only to the ferryboat station on the bank of the John Day River. The Dalles was still forty-five miles beyond.

The arrival of the stage presented a problem for the station master, who already had nine men waiting in his cabin for the weather to break and thaw the frozen river so the ferry could operate. There were just too many people to feed from a larder consisting only of nineteen pounds of flour and a single beef hide.

The situation became desperate and on January 13 Moody and ten of the others decided to walk to The Dalles.

SNOW measured three and a half feet deep, the temperature ranged between 40° and 50° below zero and none of the men had snowshoes.

After crossing the frozen John Day in an improvised swing attached to the ferry cable, the men who carried gold realized that they would be unable to pack the heavy dust through the drifts. Jack James of Wells Fargo and another man moved into a tent with most of the dust, promising to bring it along when traveling was easier.

Moody and the rest—ferryman Pat Davis and Marion Alphin (or Olphin) who would serve as guides, Doc Gay, William Riddle, Johnson (or Jonathan), Mulkey, men identified only as Duffy, Jagger and McDonald, and two unidentified men—set out on what was to be a trail of death.

Eighteen hours later, the men had struggled but six miles. Alphin, one of the desperately needed guides, was dead. During the freezing night, three more men died—Pat Davis, Riddle and McDonald. Lost and confused, the surviving seven blundered through the drifts and at ten o'clock on the morning of January 14, one of the men Moody did not identify collapsed into the snow and lay unmoving. The frightened and weak survivors did not pause to bury their dead companion.

Moody and the other men felt little hope. Not only had they lost both guides but they were weakening rapidly from cold and fatigue. Feeling had long since gone from hands and feet. Snow clung to pants legs and then froze into heavy weights. With each breath flecks of ice bit at the men's nostrils. Moody was without a coat, having used it as a shroud in which to wrap the body of his friend, Marion Alphin.

During the day and night of January 14, Duffy and Jagger died and Mulkey, who had kept a large amount of gold dust in a belt strapped around his waist, collapsed in the snow. He was alive but too weak to travel. They were four miles from the Deschutes River and an impossible nineteen miles from The Dalles on this second terrible night. Only Moody, Doc Gray and an unidentified man remained to struggle through the eerie, snow-whitened darkness. In the morning, only Moody and Gay remained.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of January 15 Moody and Gay staggered toward a house at Deschutes Ferry. Men rushed out and dragged them into the warmth. Others started back along the death trail toward Mulkey and found him exhausted and huddled in his meager blanket, but alive. Mulkey died two days later, ironically, from the gold he carried. According to Moody, the frozen dust mass "had so chilled and irritated that portion of his body that mortification set in."

Moody himself underwent amputation of both feet at the instep—without anesthetic.

MINERS continued to pour into Portland (700 arrived on one boat alone!), with the more hardy pushing along the chill Columbia River to The Dalles. In this beleaguered settlement food soon grew scarce and prices rose in direct proportion. The hungry miners, always believers in direct action, rioted and helped themselves from the unresisting storekeepers' shelves.

Winter's freeze on the gold rush lasted until mid-March, when the first miner-loaded steamboat from Portland docked at The Dalles, and when the first pack train since January plodded through the small city with 400 pounds of gold dust as its cargo. The rush was on again!

Newspapers tried vainly to discourage the boom. On March 14 the Portland *Advertiser* reported that two feet of snow blanketed The Dalles and from one to four feet covered the country from Oregon City (a few miles below Portland) to Lewiston in Idaho. Provisions along the entire route were exhausted, the paper reported, and transportation was impossible to find. Moreover, except for a few willows, there was no fuel. Newsstories warned that men who dared to force passage to the mines at this

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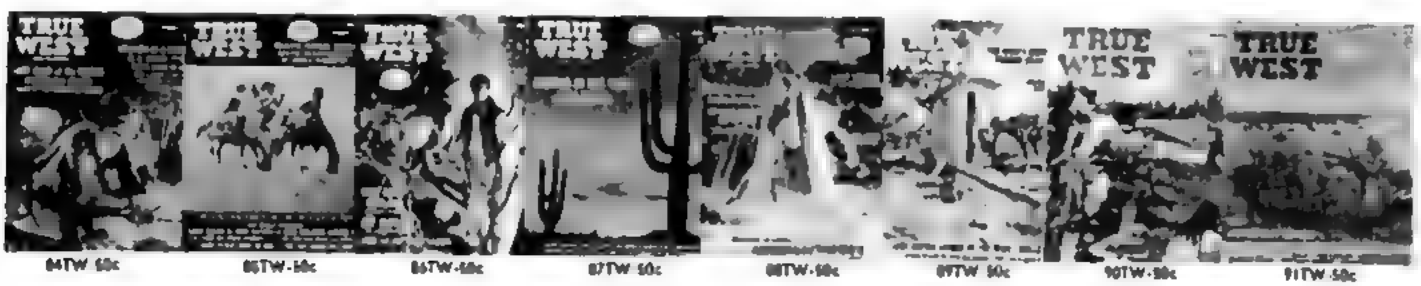

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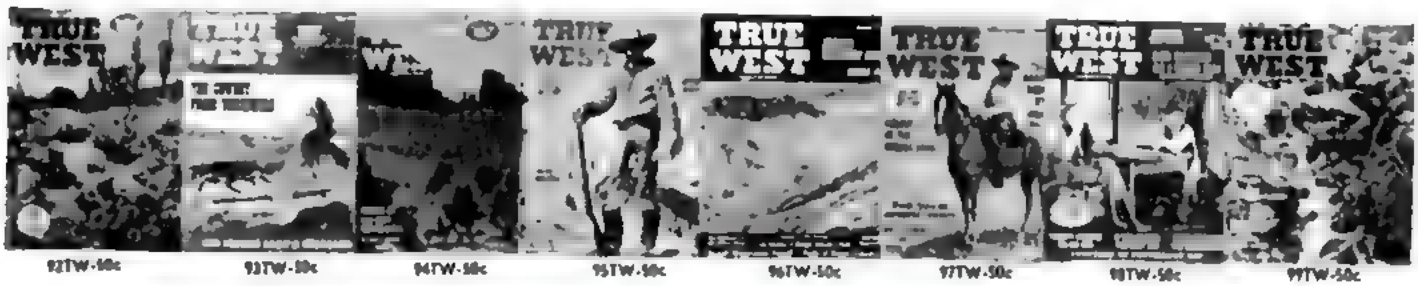

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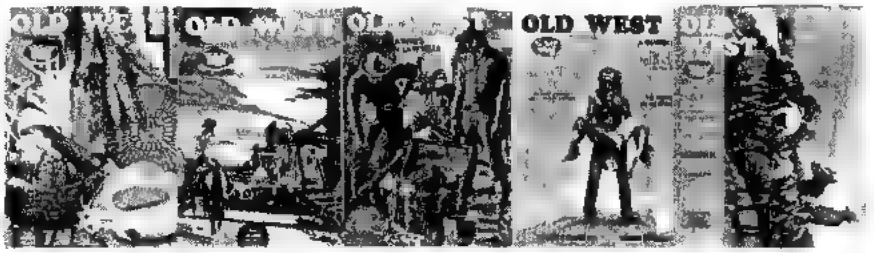

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time faced a fate similar to that of the Moody party. But gold fever was in the air and, predictably, the warnings were not heeded.

By late March winter's grip was loosening on the country. A warming trend turned roads and trails into quagmires. Streams, flooded by melting snow and ice, were almost impossible to ford. The warmth gave the miners hope, but they ran into a chilling surprise in the mountainous gold country where as late as April 5, Florence recorded heavy snow and temperatures of 20° below. Despite the weather, however, a pack train made it through to Mountain House, located fifteen miles from Florence. From there weakened, snow-blind men packed in the desperately needed food to the starving miners.

Finally, in May, pack trains broke through to the hard-hit Salmon River country. The killer winter was near its own death, but had a final card to play —a series of devastating floods. Many parts of Lewiston, The Dalles and Portland were under water. As the melting snow boiled down the streams and rivers, it passed the bodies of thousands of domestic and wild animals. Any who survived were having to contend with clinging mud. Many of the animals were so weakened by starvation that they mired down in the soft ground and died.

One writer estimated that 90 percent of the domestic livestock in Washington was wiped out, and 75 percent lost in eastern Oregon. The future of men who had invested all they owned in cattle or horses was bleak. Businessmen in The Dalles, Walla Walla and Portland looked at the wreckage strewn by the floods of April and May and wondered if they could afford to continue operating.

Also with the thaw came the discovery of miners who had died in isolated camps throughout the mining country. And there were hundreds more whose health was ruined after months of ghastly cold and insufficient diet. It had been a six-months' nightmare.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 54)

I was a very small boy at the time. My family first became acquainted with Johnny Owens when he was a mine guard at Cambria, Wyoming. We later moved to Newcastle and he became a very close friend of the entire family. I recall very vividly listening to him recite some of his experiences. He was certainly a fine citizen and an exceptional law enforcement officer.

I also remember the family of Dr. Fred Horton. If I recall correctly, the large house at the top of the picture of Newcastle's main street was the Horton home. This street scene was indeed very familiar to me. My sister, Verna Aggers, was married to Charles J. Fendrick, son of Jake Fendrick. Charles had extensive property holdings in Newcastle for years after his father passed away. I also recall the Thoeming family, the Sedgwicks, Mussers, Dulinga, the Spencers of the L.A.K. ranch, the Babbages and Peter Ost to name a few. I wish you continued success with your magazines.—Hobart M. Aggers, 218 Sutton, Miles City, Montana 59301

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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WESTERN ART

Gunnar Widforss, a Swedish artist who spent his last years painting the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, died in 1934. Those of us who have known and admired his work are grateful to Clay Lockett for needling the authors of the handsome new book *Gunnar Widforss, Painter of the Grand Canyon* (Museum of Northern Arizona, $14.50) into writing it. Clay couldn't have picked a better team—Bill and Frances Spencer Belknap, a couple of old Grand Canyon hands who own some of Gunnar's ("Weedy" to his friends) best pictures. But the book was a cooperative project from the beginning—the people who knew Weedy best contributed reminiscences and tributes and those who owned his pictures permitted them to be photographed in color for reproduction. The illustrations are magnificent—thirty-one of them in full color, featuring his numerous paintings of the Grand Canyon. Weedy came to the U. S. to stay in 1921 and became an American citizen in 1929—he was a skilled artist who had painted in many parts of Europe and in North Africa when he arrived. Primarily a water colorist, he also painted in oils. The scenery in the American West fascinated him and his pictures of the various National Parks are among the best—but the Grand Canyon became his home base. This is a warm human story about a talented artist. Don Perceval, artist-illustrator-teacher wrote the foreword and the book was expertly produced for the Museum by the Northland Press of Flagstaff.

The Artist was a Young Man (Amon Carter Museum, $12.50) by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. is about Peter Rindisbacher, a Swiss, whose art recorded Indian life and the pioneer scene before George Catlin, Alfred Jacob Miller and Karl Bodmer made their famous contributions about redmen and the West. Peter was fifteen when his family left Switzerland and joined a group of emigrants sailing for Lord Selkirk's miserable colony on the Red River in Canada. While the colonists endured severe hardships during the next five years, Peter continued to sketch and paint, using pen, pencil and watercolors. The surroundings teemed with new subjects which he drew, including Indians, breeds, traders, colonists, buffalo, deer and boatmen. Disgusted with unfilled promises of Selkirk's promoters, Peter's family moved to the Middle West where he died at age twenty-eight. His art has lived on as an important historic record of the pioneer period. He was not always an astute observer and some of his mistakes were copied by his successors. One of his errors was to show running horses and buffalo with both forefeet extended forward and hind feet extended backward. Highly recommended.

COWMEN'S FIRST

In 1885 Mrs. Augustus Wilson compiled from news stories and other sources a memorial sketch of the first national convention of cattlemen held November 17-22, 1884, at St. Louis, Missouri. Joseph G. McCoy had it printed in St. Louis in 1885 and Ramon F. Adams in *The Rampaging Herd* rates it "very rare." Also in 1885 there appeared *Parson's Memorial and Historical Library Magazine*, a clothbound volume of 409 pages giving the history of the library at Parsons, Kansas and other libraries in the state and elsewhere. Mrs. Wilson was the compiler and editor of this volume and she included her report of the cattlemen's convention in it. Adams rates this volume "Scarce." Nearly eighty-five years pass before anyone thinks to reprint Mrs. Wilson's account of the convention—now it is again available as *The Opening Session of the First National Cattle Growers' Convention Held at St. Louis, Missouri, 1885* (Fred White, Jr., Bookseller, Box 3698, Bryan, Texas 77801, $5.00). Fred extracted the text from the book, added a couple of appropriate illustrations and printed a modest 400 copies. This account with the list of delegates from the various states, reports of discussions on the floor and biographical sketches of the more prominent participants should be in the collection of every Cowboy and Cattle buff. It also should be in every Cow Country library—if the scarcity (and cost) has failed you in the past, now is your chance—the reprint is attractive, available and the price is right.

WESTERN VERSE

Out Where the West Begins (William-Frederick Press, $2.00) is a collection of poetry by Helen Gertrude Lutz and is No. 148, "The William-Frederick Poets." Miss Lutz is curator of the Dawes County Museum in Chadron, Nebraska. Her book is a collection of twenty-three rather bland poems with Western settings.

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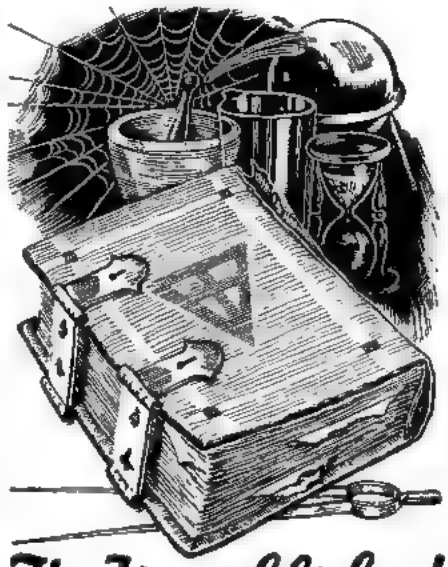

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Curse of the Sanchez Treasure

(Continued from page 23)

morning Roach had his first visitors. Terry and Sanford stood outside the cell, Terry doing the talking. "Roach, I am here to repeat my offer. Dr. Sanford is here to substantiate it. Take the $20,000 and go free—reject it and rot!"

Roach was like an angry lion locked in a cage. He rattled the bars and swore he'd rather die in their hell hole than give in to their wishes.

Turning to leave, Terry introduced an evil looking giant of a man who had been standing nearby. "This is Frank Foote. He'll be your constant companion. If you decide to come to your senses, tell Foote and he'll contact me. Make an attempt to escape and Foote would like nothing better than to put a bullet between your eyes. Wise up, Roach, our offer is double the price you're worth!"

With that remark Terry stomped out and Foote took his place at the door of the cell.

THE MESSAGE Roach had hastily scribbled to his wife told her he had been captured and was then at the Plaza Hotel. It also stated, "I'm leaving my overcoat with Big Jim. Whoever comes to you bringing an order written by me and brings the coat as well, give him the gold."

Upon receiving the message and knowing her husband was alive, Roach's wife and her brother, Jerry McMahon, made up a search party composed of close friends. They moved steadily along every trail and hideaway between Monterey and San Francisco. They searched every jail in Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, and San Francisco Counties. They questioned Big Jim again as to the description of the four men who had been with Roach; but search as they might, they could not find a trace of Monterey's ex-sheriff.

Six long months passed and the anxious searchers had just about given up Roach for dead. They were completely exhausted and no closer to finding their man than they had been at the beginning of the search.

Roach had endured the miserable cold of the Stockton winter and had suffered through the suffocating heat of the San Joaquin summer. The food he was given wasn't fit for a dog, and his gigantic 250-pound frame had wasted away to a shrinking skeleton.

Finally he could endure no more. "Foote," he rasped, "get me Terry! I can't take any more."

Foote had come to respect Roach during his six-months' captivity. He had never seen a man endure such misery and even though he remained faithful to Terry, he couldn't help feeling Roach was being unduly mistreated.

Terry's visit to the cell proved to be the boomerang which turned Foote against him. When Roach completed writing out the order for Big Jim to give Terry the overcoat, and then a duplicate to his wife, telling her to give Terry the gold, Terry grabbed the papers from Roach's feeble hand and laughed in his face. "You'll never see your $20,000, Roach! I'll watch you rot before you see a penny of that treasure!"

Foote found it hard to believe the scene he had just witnessed. He knew Terry to be a hard man, but he had always respected him as an honest man.

With Terry gone, Roach had only one dim hope left. He told Foote the whole story—just as it had happened. He offered Foote the entire treasure if he could overtake Terry, get to San Jose and Big Jim first, then beat it down to Monterey and get the treasure before they could.

Foote accepted the challenge and offered Roach a split if he were successful. He let Roach out of his cell, got a duplicate set of orders, and set out on the fastest horse he could find.

TERRY and Sanford had a head start of several hours, but made the mistake of stopping for the night at Altamont Pass. Foote rode like the wind, stopping only for quick bites and changes of mounts. He arrived in San Jose three hours before Terry and Sanford. Getting the coat, and reviving his worn-out body with a huge tumbler of whiskey, he again changed mounts and hit the trail to Monterey.

When Big Jim told Terry and Sanford he had given up Roach's coat a short three hours before, Terry flew into a rage and charged out of the plaza. With their knowledge of the land and with a night's rest on their side, Terry and his partner made the sixty-mile ride to Monterey in record time. Nevertheless Foote's three-hour lead was all he needed and he reached Roach's house with time to spare. He had ridden more than 150 miles in twenty-three hours, a record for the time and hardly matched to this day.

Foote was in such a weakened condition he was whisked off by Roach's wife to a neighboring adobe where he was put in the care of a Mexican family and carefully hidden. Then, knowing that Terry and Sanford would tear her house apart looking for the treasure, Annie Roach wisely summoned her brother. It was he who took the gold from the hiding place, strapped the sacks to his horse, and returned a short time later with the words, "I've buried the gold, Annie. Neither the devil nor Tom Walker will ever find it."

Jerry McMahon had never spoken truer words. It was he—along with ten other men—who died in the wild years which followed. The money, as Don Jose's widow often stated "was truly cursed."

The town of Monterey became divided, the majority backing Roach whom they warmly welcomed home. Others sided with Terry, Sanford, and Belcher, believing Roach had no right to hold the treasure. More blood was shed as a result of the "cursed" Sanchez treasure than was lost when Commodore John Sloat had raised the Stars and Stripes over California's capital city of Monterey only a few short years before.

In an exchange of shots in the barroom of Monterey's Washington Hotel, Jerry McMahon—the only person on earth who knew the whereabouts of the

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Sanchez fortune—and Doctor Sanford killed each other, each firing one well-aimed bullet.

Two of Roach's close friends, Isaac Wall and Tom Williamson, were cruelly murdered as they led a heavily packed mule away from Monterey one dark night. The murderers thought the mule carried the Sanchez treasure but were sadly mistaken. They ripped open the packs and found only arms and food supplies.

The blame for this foul deed fell on the well known bandit, Anastasio Garcia, who had fallen in with Terry and his confederates. Anastasio, who is given the infamous credit of training the young Tiburcio Vasquez, was tracked to a cabin (where Fort Ord now stands) by Sheriff Keating and a posse of eight of the sheriff's best men. Before the dust settled, three of Keating's men lay dead, with Garcia escaping unharmed. Later he was captured in the Sierra Madre Mountains near Los Angeles and brought back to stand trial—only to be hanged in his cell while the population of Monterrey attended church services.

In 1856 Belcher was standing at the bar in the Washington Hotel, talking with a close friend of Terry, when suddenly a shot rang out from the street and Belcher fell to the floor, dead. Harry Atwood, his partner at the bar, immediately ran out looking for the murderers. Unable to find a trace of who had done the killing, Atwood returned to the hotel late that night, put a pistol to his temple and committed suicide.

Finally, Bill Roach met his end on the day of Lincoln's second election, November 1864. He was ambushed near Watsonville, California. His head was crushed from the blow of a heavy club and his remains dumped in a well.

The brutal slaying of Roach ended the bloody trail of the cursed Sanchez treasure. Foote died four years later of smallpox, while still trying to track down the murderers of his good friend, Bill Roach.

Terry met his death many years later, shot by a United States marshal after attacking a fellow judge in an eating house in Lathrop, California.

So ends the tragic tale of the Sanchez treasure. Maybe to some lucky soul the McMahon hiding place will eventually reveal itself—and who knows—the curse might have been good for only the first hundred years!

New Mexico's Towns of Terror

(Continued from page 31)

shadow of death lifted after two hundred and fifty years.

BELEN, the last of the three towns to be settled by the *Genizaros*, is about thirty miles south of Albuquerque. Here was rich bottomland fed by waters from the Rio Grande.

Years later, alarmed at the number of new citizens coming from Santa Fe to locate on the land they considered theirs, Antonio Casasos and Luis Quintana went to Santa Fe as representatives of the Belen *Genizaros* and asked that the latter be recognized as perma-

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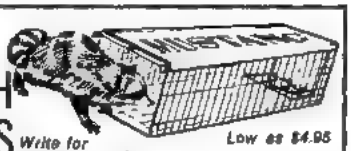

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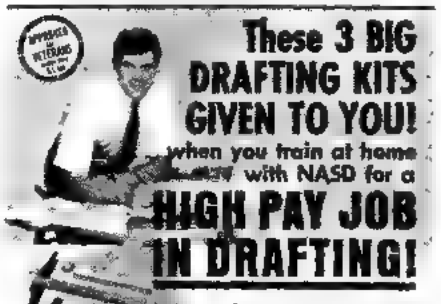

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nent settlers. They made it known in no uncertain terms that they planned to remain in Belen whatever the cost. They reminded the governor that they had kept down the raids and fought the Indians for a generation and more. Surely this entitled them to remain in Belen. The *Genizaros* were so well integrated into the community by 1805 that one priest reported that there were 124 Indians living there and 1283 Spaniards. A few years later the church records showed only Spanish names. No mention was made of the Indians in the Belen area, only of *vecinos*, or citizens.

Belen became a port of entry for caravans moving south to Parral, Mexico, to Chihuahua and Mexico City, as well as smaller settlements in between. Also the branch customs house was there. While the ill-fated Texas-Santa Fe Expedition did not enter Belen on its way south, the men did march through Tomé, a short distance away on the other side of the river, and it is said that many Belen citizens took them food and clothing.

Belen's part in the Civil War was made known when Colonel E. R. S. Canby set up a reserve camp there. Canby was still in Belen with his troops when word came that the Confederate Army troops were moving up from Texas. Taking about 1500 men, Canby moved south to meet the Confederates at Valverde. The wounded men from both sides in this fierce battle were cared for in Belen and in other small villages nearby.

ONE of the most prominent early citizens of Belen was the Honorable Don Jose Felipe Chavez. Another was Vincente M. Baca, who had a big general merchandise store there. Other prominent early Belen businessmen were Fred Scholle, John Becker, L. H. Huning, Gus Hirschbert. These men met and organized a police force, not much needed at the time, but Belen was growing and there were occasional drunks who needed to be locked up overnight.

The last Indian raid on Belen was made in 1864, when the Navajos swept into town taking captives and livestock. Three other residents from Belen were killed as late as 1882, their bodies burned, their wool and carts destroyed.

Soon after the turn of the century the Belen Cutoff of the Santa Fe Railroad was completed and more freight, passenger service and laborers for the road came into Belen, bringing a new kind of prosperity. Only a few of the older homes remained to remind one of the earlier days. One of these belonged to Don Jose Felipe Chavez, and it covered almost a city block. The house was built about 1858. At one time it had two stories, but what is left of it now has but one story. Considering its age, it is in quite good condition.

Cora Dils, presently of Belen, remembers frequently visiting Ella May Berger Chavez and José Chavez who had inherited the house from his father. Mrs. Dils recalls the big, well-equipped kitchen which held a huge coal and wood range, and the big bathroom with a metal bathtub standing on fancy legs. Bathtubs were scarce in the early days. Off the kitchen was the dining room where there was much gleaming silver—a silver coffee service, bowls, flatware and the ubiquitous chocolate pot with tiny hand-painted cups.

The parlor was a fascinating place to Cora as a child. A big round base burner kept the room cozy in the chilliest weather. A Brussels carpet covered the floor, green with red roses. A clock on a center table ticked away the hours under a glass dome. The table had claw feet which held crystal balls. There were several pieces of red velvet furniture in the room and a horsehair sofa which Mrs. Dils remembers as being the most uncomfortable thing she ever sat on. "It made me itch," she laughed, remembering. Also in the living room was a big lamp with a ball-shaped globe base and top painted with red roses.

The host's bedroom was just off the living room. In it was a mahogany poster bed, a huge dresser, and a bar with wine bottles and glasses. The room also held a big chest to hold bedding.

The house was built inside a fenced area with an eight-foot-high wall which had port holes. Inside this area were two deep wells and commodious servants quarters. When the Indians raided the town, the residents would take refuge in the courtyard of the Chavez home.

The Chavez family at one time owned a carriage which had come over the Santa Fe Trail, but it was lost in a fire a few years ago. Mrs. Anna Kretsinger of Belen owns two sets of German-made wire hoops which were worn under full skirts by Don Jose Felipe Chavez' wife. The hoops were made of linen tapes and hemp, riveted on, and the openings were bound with kid.

ONE of the best preserved reminders of Belen's fascinating history is the white marble and red sandstone mausoleum which stands in the Catholic churchyard. This is the mausoleum of Don Jose Felipe Chavez, who had it built after the death of his wife, January 22, 1899.

Don Jose's mausoleum was placed in a commanding position directly in front of the entrance to the church. The priests, aware of the gentleman's generous contributions, did not protest. After the last of Don Felipe's immediate family, Miss Manuelita Chavez, died, it was decided to relocate the mausoleum to the left of the church.

In 1946 this unique building was dismantled and rebuilt as ordered. There are three full-sized statues in niches on the outside of the building and two more statues on carved marble pedestals on the inside of the building. In the original building six openings gave access to the crypts beneath. After the building was moved, the floor was covered with an uninspired yellow-and brown-checked linoleum.

A dark wood music box of huge proportions, which had to be cranked by hand, was an interesting furnishing of the chapel. Tunes played included "Rock of Ages," "Nearer My God to Thee" and other hymns. This box was used at

family funerals. The mausoleum was designed by architect Angelo di Tullio, and is one of the attractions of Belen which few tourists know.

Visiting the town recently, I walked along the old *acequia* bank where I played as a child with my little friend, Librada Baca. Scenes of the long ago swam before my eyes, and I could almost see the little stick corrals, the miniature *hornos*, and hear again the tinkle of a bell in a pasture beyond. Librada, who was descended from the *Genizaros*—and who was proud of her heritage.

Those I asked had never heard of Librada Baca. Someone suggested that she might have been a sister of Herman Baca, a well-known Belen citizen. I remembered Herman, but I could not remember that my playmate had a brother by that name. Perhaps some day we shall meet again and talk of the days beside the *acequia*, when life was so unhurried, so pleasantly harmonious.

Today the *Genizaro* towns are happy places, peaceful and rustically beautiful. Forgotten are the woes of the great-grandparents. Forgotten the raids by Indians. When one strolls down a shaded, winding street, there's the song of birds, or sounds of an organ in the old church. There are crumbling adobe walls and tombstones in Campo Santos. Names of great Spaniards and great explorers are carried on street signs, and on maps where mountains and rivers, counties and towns are named for a forgotten hero, many of them for former governors of the state, others for early explorers. Even the cruel, treacherous Indians have been remembered in place names, especially the names Geronimo and Victorio.

Many of the residents of these three *Genizaro* towns have spent their entire lives there, as have their forefathers before them. However, as the space age progresses, more and more Anglo families are pushing into the outskirts of the towns with their new buildings, new cars and night clubs. But most of the older townspeople keep to themselves, and one envies them.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 41)

the Indians set around the camp in the tall dry grass. A stiff wind fanned the fire, so the men grabbed saddle blankets and gunnysacks, wet them in the spring, and ran to beat out the roaring blaze which encircled them. Blinded by smoke and heat, the troop managed to extinguish the grass fire, but each soldier was blistered on the face and hands. Afterwards the troopers went to the spring and dipped their heads and hands in the cold water, after which antelope tallow was applied to their burns.

During the Border War Dick Yeager, one of Quantrill's officers, and his gang raided along the Santa Fe Trail as far as Diamond Springs. On the afternoon of May 4, 1863, Dick Yeager and a companion rode to the office of Doctor J. H. Bradford in east Council Grove and said to the doctor: "I expect that you know me, but I have a tooth that aches like hell, and if you will give me relief I will be good, but if we are bothered by any movement on the part of your Unionists we will burn the old town before we leave, for that is what we came for."

Doctor Bradford pulled Yeager's tooth and provided him with a bottle of soothing medicine. He left the doctor's office in good humor. The next day the Yeager gang rode westward on its mission of murder and destruction. About ten o'clock that night they raided Diamond Springs stage station and store, which was managed by Augustus Howell. After killing Howell, and severely wounding his wife who tried to defend him, the gang robbed the store and scattered merchandise all around outside, then set fire to the buildings.

During the latter days of the Santa Fe Trail traffic, Diamond Springs was abandoned as a stage and supply station, but was still a favorite camping place for thousands of settlers who in their white-covered prairie schooners used the old trail in traveling to their frontier homes. One old man gave this ode to the watering spot:

Diamond Springs! Diamond Springs!
That name with music always rings;
Rings up old days of long ago
When to thy fount we loved to go
And quench our thirst and cool our brow;
We loved you then, we love you now
Dear Old Diamond, Diamond Springs.

NORTH OF THE BORDER

By Russell V. "Curly" Gunter

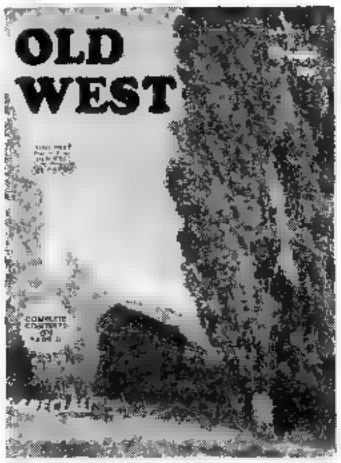
BETWEEN Wood Mountain Post and as far west as Alberta, lies the ranching area of southwestern Saskatchewan. Thousands of the best beef cattle are raised here on the rough land, and thousands of bushels of grain are grown on land suitable for farming. This strip across the south end of the province was all surveyed by 1910, and I (who am sometimes known as "Curly, the cowpoke") was one of the first pioneers to settle here on the old buffalo range.

Not too many people in Canada have heard of the community where I lived for half a century, known as the Hillandale District. This settlement was snuggled on the south slope of the Divide on bench land between the many tributaries of Snake Creek, which flowed into the Frenchman Creek Basin near the town of Valmarie. The early settlers were men and women from different parts of the world, and when drouth hit the country during what was known as "The Dirty Thirties," coupled with a world-wide depression, many of these people went back to where they came from.

The Indians were all on reservations, and the buffalo many years gone, but in 1935 a buffalo which had been raised in Montana escaped and returned to the old buffalo stamping grounds of Snake Creek, near Hillandale School. Here he spent most of the summer. So many of us were discouraged with drouth and depression we were hoping that the Indians also would return!

Sometime during that summer the Wood Mountain Rodeo committee staged a two-day celebration and advertised the buffalo would be there for the rodeo. News was spread that it would be rid-

WILD BILL'S GUNS



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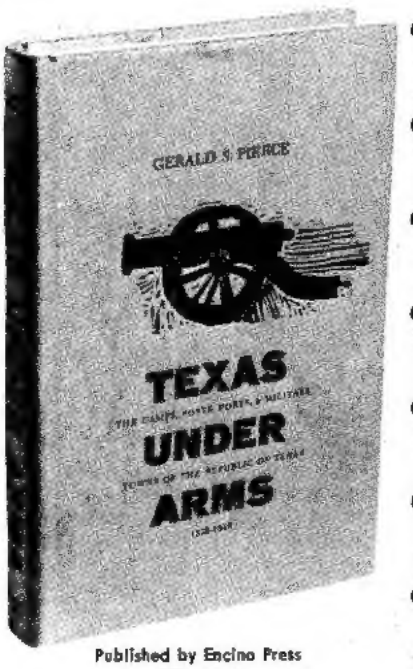

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den by one of the Wood Mountain cowboys. Other reports implied that Indians from the reserve would bow and arrow the animal as in bygone days and the meat would be barbecued for the crowd. Two boys who were friends of mine—Roland Young and his brother Arthur, who lived near Ponteix—contracted to deliver him.

While the buffalo had spent much of its time that summer near a vacant stable along Snake Creek where he could get away from mosquitoes and flies, he also had traveled much of the country. When he left the stable it would be at a fast trot, and by daylight people who lived in the Reliance District would see the bulky animal, who resembled a load of brown hay, moving along.

During the thirties the ranch country had no telephones, and to find the "star of the rodeo" meant a real old-time buffalo hunt. After searching through ranch after ranch and not finding him, the Young brothers heard that the beast, galloping northward, had been seen that morning not far from the town of Neville, about fifty miles north of Snake Creek.

The two boys had planned to change horses often on this pursuit, but never had a chance to do it. During the time the buffalo had lived at the abandoned stable, people driving a team of horses or some kind of rig could go right beside him and he did not seem to mind at all, but every rider who had come close to him had been run off at top speed. Consequently, when the boys tried to drive the buffalo toward their destination with saddle horses he was as vicious as a lion, and they found themselves riding ahead of him—and using their spurs—most of the way.

The Youngs found the buffalo about ninety miles from Wood Mountain town. They told me afterwards they obtained much experience in trying to cowboy a prairie buffalo. They dared not stop to rest because the animal would roam so far in one night, so they decided to stay with him. The miles they traveled consisted of much farming country as well as range land.

When they neared the rodeo grounds they were met by people in cars and trucks who helped them corral the buffalo. This monarch of the plains was surveyed by many men, women and children, but when the rodeo was over, his owner appeared at the loading chute and the big brown beast was trucked back to Montana and placed once more behind a buffalo fence.

Those of us who viewed the buffalo at close quarters from a saddle horse could not help thinking of the days when the Indians were brave enough to attack these beasts with a bow and arrow while riding a horse bareback.

About fifteen miles east from our ranch headquarters we can plainly see Pinto Horse Butte, some twenty miles north of the International Border. This is where Sitting Bull and many of his followers camped during their stay in Canada. The grass over the Butte has never been turned by a plow, and many beef cattle grow fat on the buffalo grass which extends from Wood Mountain to the Province of Alberta. Many dams and dugouts have been built to catch the spring run-off, and some irrigation takes place, but most of us do not forget the hardier race of people who lived here north of the Border nearly a century ago.

The Star of the Wood Mountain Rodeo.

We Won Another One

(Continued from page 3)

and "Far West: The Indians"— for Outstanding Service in Telling Other Nations About the West; Jean Jacques Lagrange, writer-director; photographer, Andre Gazut; narrator, Bill Glass Jr.,; producer Television Swisse Romande (Swiss National Television Network).

Inductees into Hall of Great Western Actors—Walter Brennan and the late Robert Taylor—1970; Joel McCrea—1969; Amanda Blake—1968.

JOEL McCREA, a trustee of the Cowboy Hall of Fame made the awards. Other celebrities attending were Milburn Stone and Amanda Blake (Doc and Kitty of "Gunsmoke"), Walter Brennan, Denver Pyle, Roy Jenson, Fred Renner, David Dortort, Olaf Wieghorst, Elmer Bernstein, Raymond Carlson, Joseph Santley, Andre Gazût, Ursula Theiss (Mrs. Robert Taylor) and son Terry, Francis Dee (Mrs. Joel McCrea), Joe Grandee, Tom Ryan, Melvin Warren, Casey Tibbs—so many, in fact, there was just no way of meeting them all and I'm sure the list above is very incomplete. Glen Campbell, who had to be out of the country, had picked up his "Wrangler" on April 4.

My son Robert, his wife Kathie, Pat Wagner and Mary Sanders went up to receive the FRONTIER TIMES trophy. They haven't been worth a dried cowchip since. It's mighty hard to have a ball for three or four days and then have to come back home, hang up your finery, and go to work.

That about gets it, I guess, other than I can't possibly resist pointing out that stories in FRONTIER TIMES won the only two national awards which we have ever won, and I have been in the publishing business thirty-four years. Yet, FRONTIER TIMES doesn't sell on the newsstands as well as TRUE WEST. It's like I said once before—you take a tall bottle of strawberry soda water and halve it in two small bottles. Label the two small bottles with different brands and you'll have people swearing that one brand is better than the other!

Our national distributor told me once that a company in New York publishes two men's magazines. Stories are pulled from the same files and the two are, in effect, the same magazine. However, one title consistently outsells the other by about 10%! Anyone want to try and figure that one out?

Well, that ought to be about enough for this time. —Joe Hosstail.

TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
WELL, LIMPID LIZARD? FINISH THE PALEFACE SCALP INVENTORY?
NAW... WHO NEEDS IT!
1970, The Register and Tribune Syndicate
ARE YOU KIDDING! D'YOU REALIZE THAT IF WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY SCALPS THERE ARE, WE CAN'T SET A SCALPING QUOTA, AN' WITH NO QUOTA EVERYBODY'LL TAKE ALL THE SCALPS THEY WANT? WHY, THAT COULD CAUSE A SCALPING FAMINE, BOY!
1-30
O, I 'MEMBER "THE GREAT SCALP DEPRESSION" OF '29! HOW TRAGIC! THE FOLLICAL MARKET HIT BOTTOM! A GREAT BALDNESS SETTLED OVER THE LAND! NOT A BLADE O' HAIR TO BE HAD! PANIC ENSUED! SUICIDES WERE RAMPANT! SPEAK-EASIES PEDDLING CHEAP CORNSILK IMITATIONS THROVE!..
GOSH!
T.K.RYAN

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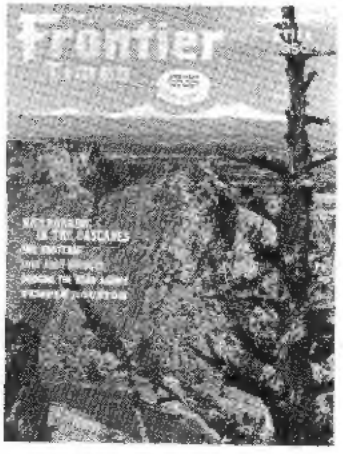
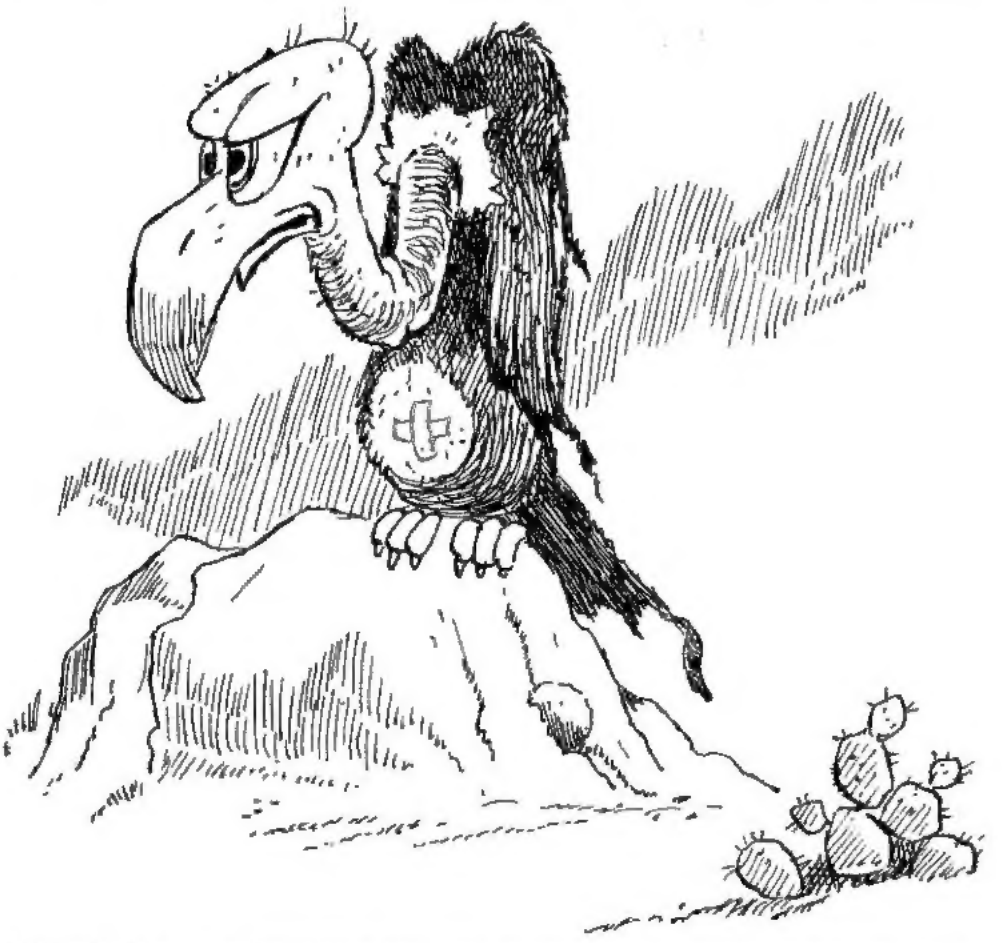
DEATH MESSENGER OF THE INDIANS
GRASS-GROWN STREETS IN SIERRA NEVADA





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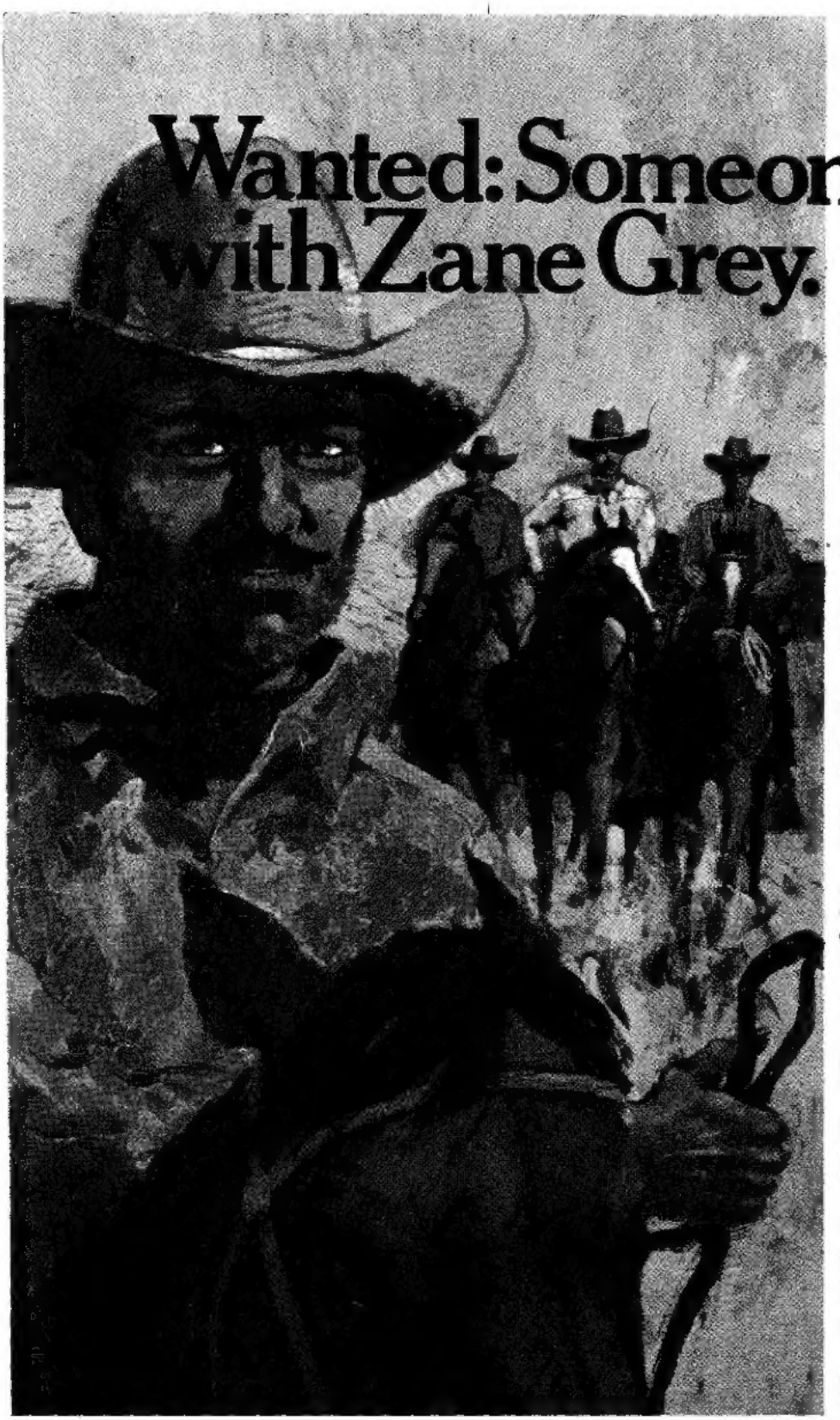

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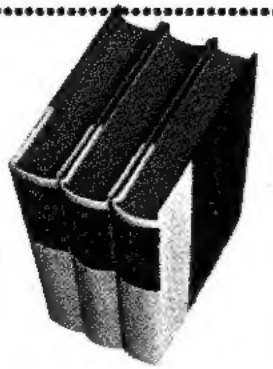

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